LE BEAU MONDE,

OR,

LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR DECEMBER, 1806.

NON FRÆTER SOLITUM LEVES.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. Portrait of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.
2. Two beautifully coloured whole length Figures of Gentlemen's Fashions for December.
3. A beautifully coloured, and most approved Fashionable Single Crane Barouche Chariot.

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TO THE PUBLIC, OUR READERS, AND CORRESPONDENTS.

MANY of the most distinguished Fashionables of this Country having expressed their desire that this Magazine should be embellished with LADIES FASHIONS *as well as* GENTLEMEN'S, *the* PROPRIETORS, *ever anxious to testify their gratitude for the patronage this Work has met with, are induced to conform to the wishes of their numerous* SUBSCRIBERS; *therefore, from* the First of January, 1807, *inclusive,*

BEAUTIFULLY COLOURED ENGRAVINGS OF

FASHIONS FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

Will embellish the Numbers *of this Magazine. Arrangements are already made for these* ADDITIONAL Embellishments; *the Nobility, the Gentry, and the Public may, therefore, expect the most* masterly Engravings, *and in a style never before attempted.*

The PROPRIETORS *of this Work are not aspiring to large profits by their undertaking; their intention is to augment the value of the Magazine, by increasing the quantity of* LITERATURE *and* EMBELLISHMENTS *in proportion to the patronage of the Public.*

We think some apology due to the Public for the extraordinary length of the Biographical Article in this Number: but we trust that as no future subject will ever require so ample a detail, and as our Compendium of His Majesty's Life is the first abridgment of his interesting reign that has ever been brought within moderate compass, our readers will forgive our great encroachment on those pages of the Magazine which might have been devoted to lighter subjects. Our Original Communications are in this number necessarily few. In future we shall insert a larger proportion, and all selected with the utmost care from the numerous correspondences with which we have been favoured. In future, too, we shall be able to insert a greater variety of Foreign Intelligences, and Fashionable Notices; and while we labour to render these selections comprehensive and entertaining, we shall not neglect that regular series of heads under which we have begun to give Views of History, Politics, the Arts, the Popular Literature of the Day, and the Theatres. The two last heads have been particularly our care, and we flatter ourselves that Le Beau Monde *will be found to excel almost every periodical publication in the amplitude and impartiality of its Literary and Theatrical information.*

We are much obliged to E. W. for his *Little-isms*, but they are so much *less than little*, that we cannot think of introducing them to our Readers.

The *Hints* of *Crito* are extremely kind.

Our Correspondent at St. John's College, Oxford, seems to be a Gentleman of much research, but his Communications are of too dry a nature to interest the Readers of *Le Beau Monde*, to whom, at least, if we may judge by our own feelings, facts, remarks, or even jokes, must be much more acceptable than title pages and dates.

We are not eager to make a friendship with *Amicus*.

Edward's verses are more pious than poetical.

The Verses of W. R. will be inserted if a convenient opportunity occurs.

If the fair votary of *Thespis* who is ambitious of literary fame will call at the Office of the Magazine, she will receive an answer to her communication. Her *Mary* is not without merit: but it has scarcely sufficient novelty for our publication.

We would advise M. Bodkin to change her parson, since the translations that he gives her are so erroneous.—NON PRÆTER SOLITUM LEVES, intimates, that though our matter is intended to be light, we are not MORE TRIFLING THAN CUSTOM WARRANTS.

THE

LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE.

FOR DECEMBER, 1806.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

The Second Number.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

HIS Royal Highness GEORGE AUGUSTUS FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES, the eldest son of his present Majesty, and Heir Apparent to the Crown, was born on the 12th of August, 1762, a day auspicious to the House of Brunswick, being the anniversary of its accession to the throne of Great Britain,—a day auspicious also to the Kingdom at large, when we consider the security in which our civil and religious liberties have been maintained under the fostering protection of that illustrious House.

The education of a Prince is a matter of such high importance to the nation over which he is destined to rule, that in some kingdoms it is not unusual for the states of the nation to examine from time to time the progress of their Prince's education. This custom particularly prevails in Sweden, where the heir apparent of the crown, at certain periods, is examined by a deputation of the nobility, clergy, and burghers of the kingdom. This ceremony is performed with much solemnity, and magnificence; the prince is examined respecting his knowledge of the tenets of religion, his progress in languages, his acquirements in science, and his acquaintance with history and with the laws and constitution of his own country. Each deputy may propose a question for the young prince to answer; but in general the examination is conducted by a bishop. The present king of Sweden, then about fourteen years of age, underwent this examination a few weeks before the death of his father Gustavus III. and acquitted himself greatly to his own honour and that of his instructors. For want of such a ceremony in England, we cannot take upon us to give an account of the early progress of the Prince of Wales in his studies; but we may observe that his preceptors were men of the first talents in their respective walks of learning; that the general superintendance of his education was committed to Dr. Markham, the present venerable archbishop of York, who is a prelate every way qualified for the important task of forming the mind of the Heir Apparent of the Throne; and that the report of all who have had the honour of his acquaintance speaks highly of his mental endowments.

In 1783 his Royal Highness having attained his majority, parliament voted him the sum of fifty thousand pounds per annum out of the civil list revenue to defray the expence of his establishment. Mr. Fox and Lord North, who were then Ministers, foresaw that this allowance would be too small, and strongly urged the necessity of fixing the revenue of the Prince at one hundred thousand pounds, which former Princes of Wales had enjoyed, when the value of money was considerably higher. To this, however, the King objected, and the Prince, with that dutiful submission to the pleasure of his Royal Father, which forms so amiable a trait in his character, acquiesced in the arrangement, and generously declared, that he chose to depend upon the spontaneous bounty of His Majesty. But the consequence of this parsimony, as Ministers had foreseen, was, that in the course of four years, the Prince's expenditure so far exceeded his revenue, that he had contracted debts to a large amount. On an application to Parliament for relief, one hundred and sixty-one thousand pounds were directed to be paid out of the civil list for the discharge of His Royal Highness's debts, and twenty thousand pounds to complete the repairs of Carlton House. The King at the same time directed a sum of ten thousand pounds to be paid out of the civil list, in addition to his former allowance.

On the alarming indisposition of the King towards the end of the year 1788, the eyes of the whole nation were naturally turned on the Prince of Wales, and after long debates in Parliament, it was agreed that His Royal Highness should be appointed Regent of the Kingdom, but under restrictions and limitations which were by no means satisfactory to the Prince, nor consistent with the views of those by whose advice he was supposed to be influenced, and which would have conferred on him little more than a shadow of authority. Happily the recovery of the King superseded the necessity of a regency, and the Prince was not called to the exercise of his delicate and hazardous functions. Throughout the whole of this critical and embarrassing period, the Prince of Wales conducted himself with great temper, manliness, and dignity. Whether the government of the nation could with safety have been carried on under the restrictions by which the Regent's power was limited, is a question which it would now be needless to discuss; but it may not be improper to observe, that both Houses of the Irish Parliament unanimously voted the regency to His Royal Highness, without putting any restraints on the exercise of a full and sovereign authority, and in England, all the Princes of the blood-royal who had seats in the Upper House of Parliament, and the whole of the Whig Party, were decisively favourable to his pretensions. In his reply to the address of the Irish Parliament desiring him to take upon him the Regency of that Kingdom, the Prince declared, "that nothing could obliterate from his memory the sentiments of gratitude which he felt for their generous kindness."

Turning from the consideration of this business, we find the Prince of Wales, in 1792, seceding in some measure from those with whom he had till that period acted in regard to public affairs, and joining the party who were then distinguished by the name of alarmists, from the apprehensions they felt on account of the propagation of the principles of the French revolution. The Prince, in a short speech, delivered in the House of Lords, excused himself for differing in opinion from those with whom he had formerly coincided and acted, on account of the alarming complexion of the times, the disasters that had befallen the French monarchy, and the overthrow of all the most ancient and venerable institutions of that kingdom. He professed to entertain no very favourable opinion of the capacity or integrity of His Majesty's then Ministers; but promised them his support as long as their measures should appear directed to the safety of the kingdom, and the preservation of our invaluable constitution.

In the course of the winter of 1794, a treaty of marriage was negociated between His Royal Highness and his cousin, the Princess Caroline Amelia Augusta, second daughter of the Duke of Brunswick; and when the Princess arrived in England, the

nuptials were celebrated with extraordinary magnificence at St. James's, on the 8th of April 1795.

On the occasion of this marriage, His Royal Highness's debts became again the subject of warm discussion in both Houses of Parliament. The extent of the debts was stated by Mr. Pitt at between six and seven hundred thousand pounds, no part of which, he said, could possibly be defrayed out of the civil list. In taking a view of His Royal Highness's affairs, he observed, that the present allowance of the Prince was sixty thousand pounds per annum, exclusive of the duchy of Cornwall, which he estimated at thirteen thousand pounds; that the late Prince of Wales, father of the reigning monarch, and the late King George II. when Prince, possessed a net income of one hundred thousand pounds without that duchy, at a time when money was of much more value than at present. He therefore proposed that the revenue of His Royal Highness should be augmented to one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds, exclusive of the profits of the duchy; that the jointure of the Princess should be fifty thousand pounds per annum; and that a proportion of the Prince's income, appropriated for the discharge of his debts, should be vested in the hands of Commissioners. And in order that effectual provision might be made to prevent the recurrence of any such claim in future, he recommended that no arrears should, on any pretence, go beyond the quarter; that debts not claimed should wholly lapse; and that all suits for the recovery of debts from His Royal Highness should lie against his officers.

While these regulations were under the consideration of the Commons, the Prince, with his characteristic generosity, and an implicit avowal of his former indiscretion, sent a message to the House by his Attorney General, Mr. Anstruther, stating "That he "was willing to acquiesce in the sentiments "of the House, whatever they might be, "both with respect to his future expendi- "ture, and the appropriation of any part of "the income they might grant him for the "discharge of his debts: his wish was en- "tirely to consult the wisdom of Parlia- "ment. He was perfectly disposed to ac- "quiesce in any abatement of splendour "they might judge necessary, and desired "to have nothing but what the country "might be cordially disposed to think he "ought to have. In fine, whatever mea- "sures were taken by Parliament would "meet with his most hearty concurrence."

It appeared, in the course of the investigation of this business, highly to the honour of the Prince, that he had actually come to a resolution not to apply again to Parliament for relief, but to retire from public life, and apply the greater part of his income to the payment of his debts, agreeably to the advice of Lord Thurlow and others; but from this laudable design he was vehemently dissuaded by Lord Loughborough, who pretended that the advice in question savoured too much of that given to M. Egalité, and insinuated that it must have proceeded from a quarter, favouring jacobinism, and inimical to royalty. The plan of retirement, which, if adopted, would have done the Prince so much honour, was therefore relinquished, and a fresh call made on the liberality of the nation.

In the end it was determined, that the annual sum of seventy-eight thousand pounds should be appropriated to the discharge of the Prince's debts, which, it was calculated, would completely liquidate them in the space of nine years, leaving His Royal Highness a remaining income of sixty thousand pounds per annum for the support of his dignity. A bill, with the above provisions, passed through both Houses, though not without some opposition, and finally received the royal assent.

The domestic enjoyments of His Royal Highness were not of long duration. Some unhappy disagreements took place between him and his consort, the exact nature of which was not generally known at the time when they occurred, and which it would ill become us to investigate in the present sketch. The amiable and unfortunate Princess of Wales has for some years lived at Blackheath, apart from His Royal Highness; and the only issue of their marriage is the young Princess Charlotte, who was born on the 7th of January 1796.

During the interval of the last peace, a motion was made in the House of Com-

mons by Mr. Manners Sutton, Solicitor General to the Prince of Wales, advancing a claim on the part of His Royal Highness, for the amount of the revenues of the duchy of Cornwall, received during his minority, and applied to the uses of the civil list. The aggregate of the sums so received, on an accurate estimate, appeared to amount to near four hundred thousand pounds, a right to recover which, either from the Crown or the Public, seemed clearly to vest in the Prince of Wales, and probably would have been allowed by Parliament; but the rupture with France happening soon after, His Royal Highness withdrew his claims, and it is not likely, in the present state of the national burthens, that they will soon be revived.

On the commencement of the present war with France, His Royal Highness, who, singular as it may appear, only holds the rank of Colonel in the army, solicited Mr. Addington, the Minister, to use his influence with the King to obtain for him a post more worthy of his situation in the State; and alledged, that when all classes of the community were called upon to defend the Government, and pressed forward with eagerness for that purpose, he might be allowed to indulge a similar ardour, and hope for a favourable reception of his proffered services. In the letter which the Prince of Wales addressed to Mr. Addington on this occasion, and which shortly after found its way to the press, His Royal Highness thus patriotically and nobly urged his claim to be entrusted with a military command.—"When it was officially communicated to Parliament," says His Royal Highness's letter, "that the avowed object of the enemy was a descent on our kingdoms, the question became so obvious, that the circumstances of the times required the voluntary tender of personal services. When Parliament, in consequence of this representation, agreed to extraordinary measures for the defence of these realms alone, it was evident the danger was not believed dubious or remote. Animated by the same spirit which pervaded the nation at large, conscious of the duties which I owed to His Majesty and the country, I seized the earliest opportunity to express my desire of undertaking the responsibility of a military command. I neither did, nor do presume on supposed talents, as entitling me to such an appointment: I am aware I do not possess the experience of actual warfare: at the same time I cannot regard myself as totally unqualified or deficient in military science, since I have long made the science my particular study. My chief pretensions were founded in a sense of those advantages which my example might produce to the State, by exciting the loyal energies of the nation, and a knowledge of those expectations which the public had a right to form as to the personal exertion of their Princes at a moment like the present. The more elevated my situation, in so much the efforts of zeal became necessarily greater; and I confess that, if duty had not been so paramount, a reflection on the splendid achievements of my predecessors would have excited in me the spirit of emulation. When, however, in addition to such recollections, the nature of the contest in which we are about to engage was impressed on my consideration, I should indeed have been devoid of every virtuous sentiment, if I felt no reluctance in remaining a passive spectator of armaments, which have for their object the very existence of the British Empire.

"Thus was I influenced to make my offer of service; and I did expect that His Majesty's Ministers would have attached to it more value. But when I find, that from some unknown cause, my appointment seems to remain so long undetermined; when I feel myself exposed to the obloquy of being regarded by the country, as passing my time indifferent to the events which menace us, and insensible to the call of patriotism, much more of glory; it then behoves me to examine my rights, and to remind His Majesty's Ministers that the claim which I have advanced is strictly constitutional, and justified by precedent; and that, in the present situation of Europe, to deny my exercising it, is fatal to my own immediate honour, and the future interests of the Crown.

"I can never forget that I have solemn obligations imposed on me by my birth, and that I should ever shew myself foremost in contributing to the preservation of the country. The time is arrived when I

may prove myself sensible of the duties of my situation, and evince my devotion to that Sovereign, who, by nature as well as public worth, commands my most affectionate attachment."

At the conclusion of his eloquent and animated appeal to the justice of the minister, the Prince disclaimed all idea of adding to the embarrassments of Government at such a crisis, by any steps that might seem like opposition. He declared that he had been induced to make his application solely from a regard to his own character and honour, and with a deep conviction of the imminent danger which menaced his country.

Mr. Addington having laid the preceding letter, and another more urgent to the same effect, before His Majesty; the King positively refused to accede to the request of the Prince, and at the same time desired that no farther mention should be made to him on the subject. On so harsh a refusal to comply with so reasonable a request, which the voice of the nation was making in behalf of the Prince of Wales, he wrote the following energetic appeal to his Royal Father. Brief as our limits must necessarily be, we should feel ourselves wanting in justice to the Illustrious subject of this biographical sketch, if we were to withhold it from our readers.

"TO THE KING.

"SIR,

"A correspondence has taken place between Mr. Addington and myself on a subject which deeply involves my character and honour. The answers which I have received from that Gentleman, the communication which he has made in the House of Commons, leave me no hope but an appeal to the justice of your Majesty. I make that appeal with confidence, because I feel that you are my natural advocate, and with the sanguine hope that the ears of an affectionate father may still be opened to the supplications of a dutiful son. *I ask to be allowed to display the best energies of my character; to shed the last drop of my blood in support of Your Majesty's Person, Crown, and Dignity; for this is not a war for empire, glory, or dominion, but for existence.*

"In this contest, the lowest and humblest of Your Majesty's subjects have been called on; it would therefore little become me, who am the *first*, and who stand at the very footstool of the throne, to remain a tame, an idle, and lifeless spectator of the mischiefs which threaten us, unconscious of the dangers which surround us, and indifferent to the consequences which may follow.—Hanover is lost—England is menaced with invasion—Ireland is in rebellion—Europe is at the foot of France.—At such a moment the Prince of Wales, yielding to none of your servants in zeal and devotion—to none of your subjects in duty—to none of your children in tenderness and affection—presumes to approach you, and again to repeat those offers which he has already made through Your Majesty's Minister. A feeling of honest ambition, a sense of what I owe to myself and to my family, and above all the fear of sinking in the estimation of that gallant army which may be the support of Your Majesty's Crown and my best hope hereafter, command me to persevere; and to assure Your Majesty, with all humility and respect, that, conscious of the justice of my claim, no human power can ever induce me to relinquish it.

"Allow me to say, Sir, that I am bound to adopt this line of conduct by every motive dear to me as a man, and sacred to me as a Prince. *Ought I not to come forward in a moment of unexampled difficulty and danger? Ought I not to share in the glory of victory, when I have every thing to lose by defeat?* The highest places in Your Majesty's service are filled by the younger branches of the royal family; to me alone no place is assigned. I am not thought worthy to be the junior Major-General in your Army. If I could submit in silence to such indignities, I should indeed deserve such treatment; and prove, to the satisfaction of your enemies and my own, that I am utterly incapable of those exertions, which my birth and the circumstances of the times peculiarly call for. Standing so near the throne, when I am debased, the cause of royalty is wounded; I cannot sink in public opinion, without the participation of Your Majesty in my degradation. Therefore every motive of private feeling, and of public duty, induce me to implore Your Ma-

jesty to review your decision; and to place me in that situation, which my birth, the duties of my station, the example of my predecessors, and the expectations of the people of England, entitle me to claim.

"Should I be disappointed in the hope I have formed, should this last appeal to the justice of my sovereign and the affection of my father fail of success, I shall lament in silent submission his determination; but Europe, the world, and posterity, must judge between us.

"I have done my duty; my conscience acquits me; my reason tells me that I was perfectly justified in the request which I have made, because no reasonable arguments have ever been adduced in answer to my pretensions.

"The precedents in our history are in my favour; but, if they were not, the times in which we live, and especially the exigencies of the present moment, require us to become an example to our posterity.

"No other cause of refusal has or can be assigned, except that it is the will of Your Majesty. To that will and pleasure I bow with every degree of humility and resignation; but I can never cease to complain of the severity which has been exercised against me, and the injustice which I have suffered, till I cease to exist.—I have the honour to subscribe myself, with all possible devotion, Your Majesty's most dutiful and affectionate Son and Subject,

(Signed) "GEORGE P."

Brighton, Aug. 8, 1803.

To this animated appeal to the justice of His Majesty, the King returned a cold reply, intimating that his opinion respecting the propriety of a Prince of Wales taking upon himself a military command, remained unaltered, and that he hoped to hear no more on the subject. He added, that should the implacable enemy so far succeed as to land, the Prince would have an opportunity of shewing his zeal at the head of his regiment. This answer produced a most spirited rejoinder from the Prince of Wales, who ridiculed as a "*degrading mockery*" his being permitted to shew his zeal only as a colonel of dragoons, while his next brother, the Duke of York, commanded the army, and the junior branches of his family were either Generals or Lieutenant-Generals in the service. Several interesting letters also passed between the Prince and the Duke of York on this interesting subject, but the controversy ended without the Prince obtaining his object.

We have dwelt thus long on this remarkable correspondence, because we well remember how extraordinary a sensation it excited in the public mind at the time when it appeared in print, and we should think any sketch of the Prince of Wales very deficient which should pass over this important passage of his public life.

In private, the manners of the Prince of Wales are dignified and elegant; he is well acquainted with literature in general; and an exquisite judge of the fine arts. The hospitalities of his table at the Pavilion and Carlton House are in the first style of magnificence, and his condescension and affability win the hearts of all who have the honour of being admitted to a personal intercourse with him. The disposition of His Royal Highness is noble, generous, and princely. It would be almost impossible to specify all the public charities to which he is a liberal contributor, or the private individuals who have tasted of his bounty: but we cannot refrain from mentioning, that somewhat more than a twelvemonth ago, His Royal Highness became the patron of that excellent institution, the Literary Fund, and presented them with a spacious and convenient house in Gerrard-street for the meetings of the Society, the rent of which is defrayed by a special assignment out of the revenues of the duchy of Cornwall. Another instance of the Prince's attachment to letters is to be found in his having employed, at a considerable expence, for a number of years past, a clergyman at Naples, to decypher the ancient manuscripts that have been dug up at Herculaneum, and are deposited in the library at Portici.

On the whole, though he has certainly not been exempt from the errors of youth, nor from those faults into which persons of the highest rank are the most liable to fall, we

cannot but consider the Prince of Wales as an honour to the illustrious stock from whence he is descended, and we trust, that whenever he shall mount the throne, the virtues which distinguish his character will add lustre to the highest of human dignities.

R.

HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY.

[*Concluded from page 9.*]

1788. AT the close of the year 1788 it pleased Heaven to afflict our Sovereign with a malady of a peculiarly awful and distressing nature; and by the end of October it could no longer be concealed that this malady had extended even to a mental derangement. Parliament assembled on the 20th of November, when the state of his Majesty's health was communicated to them; they adjourned till the 4th of December; and on the 10th Mr. Pitt moved for a committee to inspect the journals for precedents of such proceedings as had been adopted in former instances, when by sickness, or any other cause, the sovereign authority had been suspended.

Mr. Fox contended, that in case of any such suspension, the heir apparent, if of full age and capacity, had as indisputable a claim to the exercise of the executive authority as in case of the natural demise of the king.

Mr. Pitt rose, with much heat, and said, that Mr. Fox's assertion was little short of treason against the constitution—that the heir apparent had no more right to exercise the executive power than any other person—and that it belonged entirely to the two remaining branches of the legislature to make such a provision for supplying the temporary deficiency as they might think proper. When the regular exercise of the powers of government was from any cause suspended, to whom, pursued the Right Hon. Gentleman, could the right of providing a remedy for the existing defect devolve but to the people, from whom all the powers of government originated?

Mr. Fox not chusing to take the sense of the house, Mr. Pitt's motion was carried without a division, as was a similar motion made in the House of Peers by Lord Camden. The measures of ministers were a little assisted by a declaration of the Duke of York, "that no claim had been advanced by the Prince; and, indeed, that the latter too well understood the sacred principles which had seated the Brunswick family on the throne, to assume or exercise, whatever might be his claim, any power that was not derived from the will of the people, expressed by their representatives."

In a few days Mr. Pitt proceeded to move two declaratory resolutions, one importing that the royal authority was interrupted, and the other, that it was the duty of the two Houses of Parliament to provide the means of supplying the defect. After a long debate they were both carried by 268 against 204 voices; and, on the 23d of the same month, a third resolution passed, authorizing the Chancellor to affix the great seal to such bill of limitations as might be necessary to restrict the power of the future regent. After much discussion Mr. Dempster moved, as an amendment, that the Prince of Wales should be requested to take upon himself the administration of the government during the royal incapacity. It was negatived by 251 against 178. When this resolution was communicated to the Lords, for their concurrence, an amendment similar to that of Mr. Dempster was proposed by Lord Rawdon: a violent debate ensued: and the resolution was confirmed by 99 peers against 66.

1789. On the 2d of January died the Speaker, Mr. Cornwall; and the vacant chair was taken by Mr. Grenville, Lord Temple's brother.

After some delays in consequence of a

motion to examine the King's physicians, Mr. Pitt wrote a letter to the Prince, informing him that it was intended to commit the care of the King's person, and the disposition of the Royal Household, to the Queen, (who would thus be invested with the patronage of four hundred places, amongst which would be the office of Lord Steward, Lord Chamberlain, and Master of the Horse) and that the power of his Royal Highness should not extend to the granting of any office, reversion, or pension, for any other term than during the King's pleasure, nor to the conferring of any peerage.

To this letter the Prince returned a firm and dignified answer. He said that it was with deep regret he perceived in the propositions of Administration, a project for introducing weakness, disorder, and insecurity, into every branch of political business—for separating the court from the state, and depriving Government of its natural and accustomed support—a scheme for disconnecting the authority to command service from the power of animating it by reward, and for allotting to him all the invidious duties of the kingly station, without the means of softening them to the public, by any one act of grace, favour, or benignity. That the plea of public utility must be strong, manifest, and urgent, that could thus require the extinction or suspension of any one of those essential rights in the supreme power or its representative, or which could justify the Prince in consenting, that in his person an experiment should be made, to ascertain with how small a portion of kingly power the executive government of his country could be conducted. Yet that his conviction of the evils which might otherwise arise, outweighed in his mind every other consideration, and would determine him to undertake the painful trust imposed upon him by that melancholy necessity, which, of all the King's subjects, he deplored the most.

1789. The bill for carrying this dangerous scheme into effect, a scheme, which, as it was forcibly observed at the time, was calculated only to establish a weak Government and a strong Opposition, was brought into the house on the 16th of January 1789. The debates which arose upon it were long and violent; and the Duke of York, at the head of the Princes of the Blood, and fifty-five other peers, entered a protest, expressive of their highest indignation at the restrictions thus arbitrarily imposed on the executive power. At length, on the 25th of February, his Majesty was declared by his physicians to be free from complaint: in March the Lord Chancellor announced his recovery to Parliament: the 23d of April was appointed as a day of national thanksgiving: and on the following evening, the most splendid illuminations ever remembered were displayed in the metropolis, and indeed, in all the cities, towns, and villages, throughout the kingdom.

This session had been distinguished by the greatest exertions on the part of the lovers of liberty, for the abolition of the Slave-trade, and the repeal of the test act. All efforts for the completion of the latter object have, unfortunately for religion, humanity, and freedom, been invariably unsuccessful: but the accomplishment of the former may now be considered as effected, under the mild auspices of that great and enlightened genius, whose history we have related in a former article.

In the course of the session, Lord Sydney resigned the Secretaryship of State, and Mr. Grenville, who was afterwards ennobled, succeeded to that office, leaving the chair of the House of Commons to Mr. Henry Addington. The tobacco trade was in this year laid under the excise.

We are now arrived at that eventful period, when all that before had been committed by the madness of conquerors, or the tyranny of despots, was considered as a skirmish, a tilt, a jest: when the wars that had been stirred by Russia, Sweden, Denmark, and Turkey, were forgotten or overlooked in the general attention which all nations directed to the proceedings in the capital of France. The condition of the French was undoubtedly wretched; taxes had been multiplied; the people were too poor to pay them; and every mischief was imputed to the tyranny and misconduct of the court.

After many discontents and struggles, the King of France was induced to summon

the States General, an assembly which had not assembled since the year 1614. The number of deputies sent thither exceeded eleven hundred; and the representatives of the third estate, or commons, equalled in number those of the nobility and clergy united. Louis XVI. opened the meeting in a gracious speech, but much time was wasted in disputes between the different orders: on the 17th of June the *Tiers Etat* declared itself the legislative body by the name of the National Assembly; on the 19th the clergy acquiesced in their declaration, but on the 23d the King in his turn declared null and void the proceedings of the 17th. This the Assembly resented, and finally established its authority to reform the state at its own discretion. It annihilated all feudal privileges, abolished all distinctions of orders, rescinded the tithes, and dissolved the monastic institutions. The court became irresolute, and the soldiery fluctuated. The people of Paris perceived their advantage; and a few short hours saw a mob invest and destroy that immense and awful fortress, the Bastille, murder its governor, and carry his head in triumph through the streets. In October the King was compelled to bring his family from Versailles to Paris.

In the year 1788, the Spaniards had dispossessed the English settlers of Noot-
1790. ka Sound in North America, and proceeded to declare that all the lands between Cape Horn and the sixtieth degree of north latitude, were the property of his Catholic Majesty; and this affair being now communicated to parliament, a vote of credit of one million was passed without opposition. But in a short time the court of Spain was induced to renounce its claims, and restore the territory which it had seized, so that all the differences between that power and his Britannic Majesty were amicably settled before the conclusion of the year.

The anniversary of the revolution, the 14th of July, was celebrated in Paris with great pomp. The King, the National Assembly, and the armed Citizens, being assembled together, took an oath to maintain the constitution; and it has been truly said, that a more solemn act of perjury never was committed in the face of heaven.

A peace was at last concluded 1791.
between Russia and Turkey, to the great satisfaction of the minister, who was already alarmed at the progress of hostilities, and had in vain endeavoured to obtain from Parliament the means of augmenting the naval forces of Great Britain in order to give greater effect to her pacific remonstrances with Russia.

And now Louis XVI. wearied with the repeated insults of the Assembly, and of the clubs which were forming themselves throughout France, determined on the unfortunate step of leaving Paris. On the night of the 20th of June, the King, the Queen, the Dauphin, and the King's sister, Princess Elizabeth, with some attendants, escaped through a subterraneous passage, leading from the Thuilleries to the Seine, and took the road towards Montmedi; when, about 150 miles from Paris, the King was recognized, an alarm was given, and the Royal party were carried prisoners to Paris. The Assembly, with unexpected moderation, forgave what was past, the King signified in writing his acceptance of the new constitution which they had formed, and swore that he would be faithful to the nation and the law, and would employ the powers vested in him in maintaining the constitution, and executing the laws. The Assembly then dissolved itself.

The Courts of Vienna and Berlin were now in commotion against France;
1792. but Louis refused his sanction to a decree of the new Assembly, to form a camp of twenty thousand men in the vicinity of Paris. In July the combined armies of Austria and Prussia entered France under the command of the Duke of Brunswick, who proclaimed vengeance against the French, threatening to punish as rebels all persons found in arms against the allied powers, and who threatened to deliver up the city of Paris to the horrors of military execution, unless the King, Queen, and royal family were immediately set at liberty. The popular party at Paris then demanded at the bar of the National Assembly, what they called the *Dechéance* of the

King. On the morning appointed for the consideration of their demand, the populace attacked the palace of the Thuilleries; the Swiss guards, who made a gallant resistance, were defeated with vast slaughter, and the King, Queen, and Royal family, were compelled to take refuge in the National Assembly; which body declared the executive power suspended, summoned a national conventionfor the 20th of September, and committed the King and Queen close prisoners to the temple. The English Ambassador was now recalled from Paris, where the most horrible massacres were daily perpetrated by the mob. However, the French ambassador, though no longer acknowledged in that capacity, remained in London.

In the war, the French nation was astonishingly fortunate, for before the close of the year, all the Austrian Netherlands, except Luxembourg, were subjected by their arms, and the combined forces had been compelled to evacuate France.

The tumults excited in England by the revolution, and the encouragement given to these tumults by the National Convention, now induced his Majesty to embody the militia. Troops were marched towards London, the guard at the Bank doubled, and the fortifications of the Tower repaired. Further, in his speech at the beginning of the session, his Majesty announced that he had taken steps for the augmentation of both his naval and military forces. A war indeed now seemed inevitable. M. Chauvelin, the Ambassador, presented a memorial to Lord Grenville, requesting that Government would state whether France were to consider Great Britain as a neutral, or hostile power, assuring his Lordship of the pacific disposition of the French nation; declaring that, as to Holland, which had been the occasion of some misconceptions, France would not attack that country as long as it remained neutral; and stating the navigation of the Scheld to be an object of too little importance to be made the sole cause of war. Lord Grenville answered, that if France desired peace, she must show herself disposed to renounce her views of aggression and aggrandizement, and to confine herself to her own territory without disturbing or insulting other nations.

On the 21st of January, the King of France was beheaded on the scaffold: 1793.
the Convention having sat as his judges, his jurors, and his witnesses. It would be needless to animadvert on this horrid proceeding, equally destitute of the forms and of the reality of justice. Let us content ourselves with silently thanking heaven, that we are in a country where such outrages are no longer to be dreaded! In consequence of this murder, his Majesty thought fit to direct that M. Chauvelin, having no longer any official character in England, should depart from this kingdom; upon which the convention immediately declared the French Republic to be at war with the King of Great Britain and the Stadtholder of Holland.

A general engagement took place in March on the plains of Neerwinden, where the French under Dumourier were defeated with great loss. The allies proceeded to lay siege to Valenciennes, which surrendered to the Duke of York. Nearly at the same time, Mentz submitted to the arms of Prussia, and Dunkirk soon after yielded to the allies.

France was now in a dangerous condition, singly opposed to Austria, Prussia, England, Holland, Spain, Sardinia, and the Sicilies. She accordingly made a pacific overture to Great Britain, which the ministry disdainfully rejected. The effects of this unfortunate pride, we now most balefully feel, and it is to be feared we and our posterity shall long, long continue to regret. From this time the tide of success turned in favour of France; and though Toulon surrendered to the English, the Duke of York sustained a signal defeat at Dunkirk, the Prince of Cobourg was driven from his posts by Jourdain, and Hoche and Pichegru gained a series of victories on the Rhine.

In Parliament all that could be done by the mighty talents which composed 1794.
the opposition, was often and fruitlessly repeated. In vain did Mr. Fox, Lord Howick, Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Sheridan, and Lord Erskine, thunder out their eloquence against the heads of administration: Mr. Pitt had subsidized the King of Prussia, and still persisted in the wild and unhappy

schemes that have since been so ruinous to the country. But public discontent was loud and general; societies had been formed for the overthrow of all civil order; and his Majesty sent a message to the House of Commons, informing them that he had seized many books and papers, which were to be laid before the house for their deliberation. These papers were accordingly referred to a committee, and Mr. Pitt, in bringing up their report, endeavoured to persuade the house and the country, that a dangerous conspiracy was already in existence. After a long and inflammatory speech, he moved for leave to bring in a bill empowering his Majesty to secure all persons suspected of designs against his crown and government; and the *Habeas Corpus* Act was accordingly suspended.

Meanwhile Moreau and Jourdain were gaining great advantages on the continent; particularly the latter, who, on the 20th of June, defeated the allies under the Prince of Cobourg, with immense loss, at Fleurus. The Duke of York retreated from Tournay, where he had a separate command; the line of defence from Antwerp to Hamur was abandoned by the allies, the Netherlands were lost, and General Pichegru entered Amsterdam. The Austrians were driven back to the Rhine; and though the Prussians defeated the French at Keyserslautern, the French in their turn seized the important situations on the high mountain of Platoberg, and, gaining every post from Neustadt to the Rhine, with splendid success recovered Keyserslautern, occupied Worms, Spire, and Treves, beat the Prussians towards Mentz, and forced the Imperial army to repass the river. This was the whole equivalent received from the King of Prussia, in return for the enormous subsidy of two millions, sent over to him by ministers. In Spain and Italy, the French armies carried all before them; at St. Jean de Luz, and near Ceret, and near Collioure, at the pass of Cenis, and in the open country of Piedmont, conquest invariably attended them.

But at sea the British arms were more successful, for Sir Charles Grey and Sir John Jervis captured Martinico, St. Lucia, and Guadaloupe, though the last was shortly afterwards retaken; and when the Brest fleet, consisting of 26 sail of the line, came out to protect a large convoy from America, Lord Howe came upon them, captured six, and scattered the rest.

While the execution of one Watt, in Scotland, for high treason, was occupying the public mind, another subject of alarm arose in the report of a plot for the assassination of the King. The persons accused were Le Maitre, a watch maker's apprentice, Higgins, a chymist's apprentice, and Smith, who kept a bookstall. The accuser was one Upton, a watchmaker's apprentice. The three suspected persons were apprehended and examined before the Privy Council; where the informer deposed that an instrument was to have been made in the shape of a walking stick, in which was to have been inserted a brass tube, through which a poisoned dart was to have been blown at some convenient opportunity, by Le Maitre against the King. But the evidence seemed so absurd, that the affair fell into contempt, and the men were discharged without trial.

A bill of indictment was however found by a grand jury against Thomas Hardy, John Thelwall, John Horne Tooke, Thomas Holcroft, and several other persons, for conspiring to employ force against the Government. Sir John Scott, the Attorney General, spoke nine hours in accusation; but, fortunately for Hardy, who was the first brought to the bar, Mr. Erskine, the present Lord Chancellor, was his Counsel; and after a most able and eloquent defence by Mr. Erskine, and a trial which lasted seven days, the Jury pronounced a verdict of not guilty. This verdict was afterwards followed by the acquittal of Mr. Tooke and all the other prisoners.

In the autumn of this year Lord Macartney returned from his embassy to China; of which embassy the object had been the conclusion of a commercial treaty with that country. But the Chinese Emperor shewed himself averse to all the proceedings of the English Government, so that the trade of Great Britain was obliged to confine itself within its ancient channel. This was also the year that witnessed the completion of that most nefarious of all aggressions that ever oppressed human nature, the partition of Po-

land. A treaty of amity and commerce was made between Great Britain and America.

1794. The Attorney General moved another suspension of the *Habeas Corpus act*, which was carried. Mr. Pitt brought down a message requiring a loan of four million six hundred thousand pounds for the Emperor, which was granted. The French made peace with Prussia and Spain; recovered Eustatius and St. Lucia, and, slaughtered at Quiberon thousands of English, Chouans, and emigrants, who had been excited by our ministers to take up arms against the Republic. At sea, indeed, the enemy were defeated by Lord Bridport, with the loss of three ships, and the Cape was taken by Admiral Elphinstone; but the republicans, in their turn, seized on thirty merchantmen from the Mediterranean and Levant, with a ship of the line, which constituted part of the convoy.

A treaty of defensive alliance was concluded between Prussia and Great Britain, by no means advantageous to the latter. Popular meetings took place in the fields; petitions were presented to Parliament; and the grand object of the nation appeared to be peace. When on the 29th of October his Majesty passed through the Park to open Parliament, an immense multitude had assembled, who made many vociferations, and at last pelted the Royal carriage with stones as it proceeded by the Horse-Guards; and it was supposed, that in Margaret-street, near the abbey, a bullet was discharged from an air-gun, for, without the least noise, something passed through the glass of the coach with great force and swiftness, leaving only a small circular aperture. On his Majesty's return the same outrages were practised; and on his arrival at St. James's, he went into his private carriage to rejoin the Royal Family at the Quen's Palace. But the rage of the mob was not exhausted, one party seized the state coach and nearly demolished it, while another gang tried to stop the King's private carriage and force open the doors. At this critical moment a party of the life-guards arrived, the mob were dispersed, and the King, with some difficulty, reached the Queen's House. This aggression excited the indignation of all orders of persons throughout the nation. There were none whose opinion was of any value, that did not give credit to the King for the best intentions; but the most virtuous men may differ in their decisions with regard to the properest steps in great political affairs. It was in consequence of this event that Mr. Pitt brought forward his Bill for preventing seditious meetings: which after long and animated opposition, as usual, was, as usual, passed into an act.

At length, on the 8th of December, a message was brought from his Majesty by Mr. Pitt, announcing the establishment of such a form of government in France, as appeared capable of maintaining the relations of peace and amity; and expressive of his Majesty's readiness to meet any negociation on the part of the enemy, with a desire to give it the speediest effect in producing a peace. In the February of the following year, Mr. Grey moved an address to the King, praying him to 1796. communicate his readiness to the French Government. This Mr. Pitt opposed, saying that Ministers had already taken all proper steps to accomplish the desired object; that the great point was the obtaining of just and honourable terms; but that such terms must be very different from those which the public declarations of the French had for a long time indicated. Mr. Grey's motion was of course negatived.

In Germany the forces of the Republic under Generals Morean and Jourdain met with a considerable check from the Archduke Charles; but in Italy the French successes were almost unparalleled, and it was here that General Bonaparte first signalized in the face of Europe, those wonderful talents which had already been discerned by Carnot, the War-Minister of the Republic, and which have since been at once the terror and the admiration of mankind: at Lodi, at Castiglione, at Bassano, at Arcole, the irresistible progress of his arms deluged the country with blood. However, St. Lucia, and some of the Dutch settlements in the East, were taken by the English; and a Dutch squadron at Saldanha Bay fell also into the hands of Admiral Elphinstone. A descent was made upon Ireland, at Bantry Bay, by a fleet with transports under General Hoche, but

a storm separated the ships, and the few French who came into the bay were stoutly opposed by the Irish peasantry, and thought fit to make a speedy retreat.

In August, a treaty of alliance offensive and defensive was concluded between France and Spain: which was shortly followed on the part of England by a declaration of war against his Most Catholic Majesty. Meanwhile an indirect overture for peace with France had been made by Ministers through our Ambassador at the Helvetic States, which had terminated as unsuccessfully, as it was made injudiciously. But the Court of London, alarmed at the dangerous situation of the Emperor, and the growing unpopularity of the war, made another attempt, either real or pretended, to effect a pacification with France. Lord Malmesbury was sent to Paris; but as his instructions were to demand the restoration of the Austrian Low Countries, or at least the relinquishment of them by the French, the negociation concluded unsuccessfully, and notice was sent to the English Ambassador to depart from Paris in eight-and-forty hours.

The Council, in consequence of Mr. Pitt's measures and advice, published a 1797. Bank order in February, prohibiting the Directors of the Court from issuing any cash in payment, till the sense of Parliament could be taken. This excited great consternation; and the public alarm was still farther increased by a dangerous mutiny at the Nore, which however was finally quelled without occasioning any serious mischief. Meanwhile the victorious arms of Bonaparte were still lowering the Austrians in Italy; his signal success at Rivoli was followed by the capitulation of Mantua, and whole duchies were the prizes of the French. At length the Emperor was wearied out; and on his yielding the Austrian Netherlands to the French, and making some other concessions, preliminaries of peace were signed between Austria and France, at Leoben in Styria. Thus retreated the last power of that mighty confederacy which was to have carried terror to the very gates of Paris; and England alone remained to carry on the hopeless contest.

On the coast of Wales a few troops were landed by the French, who, however, on the appearance of a small body of the peasants, surrendered. The French, Spanish, and Dutch fleets had long been blocked up in their harbours by those of Great Britain: but at last the Spanish Admirals, depending on their great superiority of force, left Carthagena, and were encountered off Cape St. Vincent by Sir John Jervis, who, though his force was greatly inferior, gallantly engaged and defeated them. He was raised to the Peerage by the title of Lord St. Vincent. Soon after Trinidad was taken by the British; and in October, the Dutch fleet under Admiral de Winter was defeated by Admiral Duncan, who captured ten sail of the line and two frigates. He also was ennobled, and took the title of Lord Duncan.

In June Lord Malmesbury had again been sent to Paris, but with as little success as before, the two governments chusing to disagree upon the principle of general restitution.

At the end of the year his Majesty went in state to St. Paul's, to return thanksgivings for the late naval victories.

And now the Opposition, with very few exceptions, wearied by their long and fruitless attendance, and despairing of the possibility of benefiting their country, retired from their seats, and left the benches of the House of Commons, the only memorials that an opposition had ever existed; for in the proceedings of the nation at home, in the treatment of the countries abroad, no vestige was to be found of their interposition, no lingering twilight of their cheerful rays.

Dangerous assosiations had been formed in the sister kingdom, under the title of United Irishmen. These 1798. persons were increasing in numbers, and forming the most horrid plots for the overthrow of the king and country. Some of the leaders were arrested, and this served as a signal for a general rising. The rebels assembled in large bodies, and it was not till two or three regular battles had been fought, and regular victories obtained over them by the King's troops, that any appearance of tranquillity was re-established. When all was quelled and no hope of success remained, the French, who had promised early succours, disembarked a few troops at Killala; but the Lord Lieutenant

assembled a great force, and soon defeated them. A second attempt was made by the French in the following month, when a squadron from Brest, of one ship of the line and eight frigates, was descried off the coast of Ulster by Sir John Borlase Warren, who captured the man of war and six of the frigates. In one of these vessels was taken the famous Wolfe Tone, the founder of the society of United Irishmen, who afterwards put an end to his existence in prison. Thus ended a rebellion in which, by irregular desolation and pitched battles, more than twenty thousand lives had been sacrificed.

In Italy the French were still victorious; Rome had yielded, and the Papal government was no more. Not contented with these advantages, the armies of the republic overran and desolated Switzerland. The English made an unsuccessful attempt upon Ostend; but succeeded in the capture of Minorca. Bonaparte, thirsting for military glory, undertook an expedition against Egypt, through which he hoped to conquer India: in his passage he seized upon Malta, and left it in possession of a French garrison. He landed in Egypt, took Alexandria by a furious and bloody assault, and at the Pyramids defeated Murad Bey, a Mameluke chief, who had assembled his whole force to oppose the progress of the French. But an event now occurred which gave a powerful check to the elation of the victors. Admiral Brueys, after disembarking the French troops, arrived in the Bay of Aboukir, and in a few days Admiral Nelson, with the English fleet, came in sight of the harbour. A tremendous engagement ensued, in which, by courage and conduct almost supernatural, Nelson obtained a victory that conferred the most signal benefits on his country, and acquired for him immortal honour. He was raised to the dignity of Baron Nelson of the Nile.

Fresh disagreements now arose between Germany and France, and the armies of the latter power were again in motion against the empire. Sicily, Sardinia, and Russia, joined with Great Britain: the hopes of all Europe had been re-animated by the splendid victory of Aboukir. But Capua and Naples yielded to the French, and they had a brilliant series of success.

Much debate had taken place in the course of the session on the subject of peace, and the renewal of the 1799.
Habeus Corpus suspension; but the principal object which now occupied the attention of the House, was a proposed union with Ireland. This measure met with the warmest opposition in the sister kingdom: all that the irritated spirit of the Irish people could effect on the one hand, and all that the influence of government could perform on the other, was done in the course of the debates on this proposal: at last the influence of government prevailed, and it was resolved to incorporate the two countries, on nearly the same terms which had been arranged for the union with Scotland.

After the signature of the preliminaries which we have mentioned to have been settled between France and Austria, a congress had assembled to complete the peace for the whole German Empire. At this congress, the proceedings had been so dilatory, that peace seemed not the real wish of the negociators; and the rise of Russia against the French having added spirits to the Austrian Emperor, the Directory ordered Jourdain to march into Suabia. He was defeated by the Austrians at Stockach; and though this defeat was owing only to the fault of the Directory, who had not supplied him with a sufficient force, he was removed in favour of General Massena; and on the arrival of Suwaroff with the Russian forces in Italy, Scherer was superseded by Moreau, in the command of the army in that district. Suwaroff for the allies, and Massena for the French, were both victorious in different parts of the continent; and Switzerland and Italy paid dearly for the high reputation which those generals acquired.

It was resolved in the grand plan of military operations concerted between the confederate courts, that Great Britain should attempt a powerful diversion of the French arms, by the invasion of Holland. An expedition for that purpose accordingly set forward under the command of the Duke of York, and after the loss of many men by skirmishes, and of many men by cold and want of supplies, came back again to England. In August, however, Surinam was

taken by Lord Hugh Seymour with a few ships of war.

General Bonaparte's original project of transporting an army into India by the Red Sea, had been, by the defeat of Aboukir, and the resistance of the Mamelukes, rendered totally impracticable. Indeed the preservation of the conquests he had already gained, seemed likely to be attended with considerable difficulties, and the Pacha of Acre had put himself in a threatening posture against the French. Bonaparte determined to lead an expedition into Syria, in order to gain or chastise the Pacha, and then return to the defence of Egypt. He entered Palestine, took Gaza, and shortly after Jaffa; but on arriving at Caiffa, was much surprised to discover a British squadron off the coast. He however encamped in the vicinity of Acre, expecting to take it with little difficulty; but the English squadron, which was commanded by that heroic officer Sir Sydney Smith, encouraged the Pacha to a bold resistance; andafter many ineffectual attempts, in which Sir Sydney immortalized his own name, and added lasting glory to that of Great Britain, Bonaparte was compelled to abandon the siege.

He returned to Cairo, where he made many wise regulations, and soon after, in consequence of important intelligence of the Condition of France, set sail for that country. With the assistance of the celebrated and subtle Sieyes, he prevailed on the Council of Elders to place him at the head of the legislative guard; and declaring that the Constitution of the year III. was "only a ruin," he entered the hall of the Council of Five Hundred, at the head of the grenadiers, and cleared it of all the members. The Parisians were pleased at this subversion of the Jacobin power, and declared Bonaparte, Sieyes, and Ducos, provisional consuls. The two latter, when the new form of government was completely arranged, gave way to Lebrun and Cambaceres: and Bonaparte was appointed first or chief consul.

In India, a war was declared against the famous Tippoo, Sultan of Mysore: Seringapatam, the capital of the district, was invested and taken by the British roops under General Baird: Tippoo himself was killed: and the dependency of that kingdom upon the British government was formally recognized.

In the end of December, Bonaparte had addressed a letter to the King, in which he made overtures for a pacification— 1800.
To that letter his Majesty commanded Lord Grenville to return an answer, by which the offers of the chief consul were rejected. Other letters afterwards passed between his Lordship and M. Talleyrand, minister for foreign affairs, but all without effect. At the end of this session, finally passed the Act of Union with Ireland.

The Emperor of Russia, disgusted by some recent losses in Germany and Holland, and by several petty affronts or neglects, withdrew from the coalition of the allies. Pacific overtures were made by the first consul to the court of Vienna, which were however rejected: and Bonaparte determined to take the field in person. Meanwhile Moreau was eminently successful in Germany, and Massena was at the head of the army of Italy. He came to Genoa, where he was blockaded by Lord Keith; and though he had to struggle with every obstacle, disdained all ideas of capitulation. Bonaparte resolved to relieve him. With that contempt of danger and difficulty which have always distinguished this great general, he crossed the huge mountain of St. Bernard, till that time deemed impassable, and then covered with ice; and to the astonishment and terror of the Austrians, appeared below on the smiling fields of Italy. But the rapid successes which he there obtained were insufficient for the preservation of Genoa, from which town, General Massena, on the most honourable terms, obtained permission of the besiegers to retire. Bonaparte, after a decisive victory over the Austrians at Montebello, marched to Tortona, while the Austrians established themselves in great force at Alessandria. On the 13th of June the French began their march from Tortona towards Alessandria, and halted at the entrance of the plain of Marengo. On the following day a general engagement took place; for fourteen hours the two armies were engaged within musket shot. The Austrians fought with heroic valour; but at length the fortune of France, the valour

Desaix and Berthier, and the transcendent genius of Bonaparte prevailed; the Austrians lost about 15,000 men and twenty-six pieces of cannon, the French about ten thousand men. On the following day a suspension of hostilities was agreed upon between Austria and France, and Bonaparte prepared for his return to Paris, where he was received with the utmost enthusiasm. Count St. Julien shortly arrived in that city from Vienna, with proposals of peace; the preliminaries were signed at Paris, but as the power of the Count had been extremely limited, the Emperor refused to ratify them. Lord Minto, our Ambassador at Vienna, however, declared that his Britannic Majesty would willingly concur in measures that might tend to pacification, and several communications on the subject of peace took place between the Republic and the Court of London, but all was broken off by the quibbling disposition of our Ministers.

In the spring of this year had occurred an incident which threatened the life of the King. On the evening of the 15th of May he went with the Queen and Princesses to the theatre, and as his Majesty entered the box, a man near the orchestra stood up and discharged a pistol at him. The King came forward to the front of the box, and, with his usual presence of mind, waved his hand to shew that he was unhurt. The assassin was seized, and the play was concluded. The next day the unhappy wretch who had made this attempt, was examined in the presence of the Duke of York, who happened to be in the theatre at the time: his name was James Hadfield; he had served as a private in the 15th dragoons, and had been distinguished for his courage and good behaviour. But at Lincelles he had received three sabre wounds in the head, and been left three hours among the slain: those wounds had extremely impaired his intellect, and he appeared at the time of this horrid attempt, as well as on former occasions, completely deranged. He had used a horse pistol, loaded with a brace of slugs; and as he was known to be a dextrous marksman, it was wonderful that the King escaped unhurt. No cause appeared to have urged the perpetration of this crime; but he talked in a mysterious way of dreams, and of a great commission which he had received in his sleep. When he was brought to trial, the Duke of York deposed to his personal recollection of the man as one of his orderly dragoons; his exemplary behaviour in that capacity was fully proved, and the wounds received in the King's service being notoriously the cause of this rash act, the trial was stopped, and the jury directed to acquit the prisoner. The wretched maniac was immediately conveyed to the hospital appropriated for such unhappy beings, and addresses of the sincerest congratulation were presented to the throne from all parts of the kingdom.

The armistice expired about the middle of November, and the Archduke John, encouraged by a slight success on the heights near Haag, gave battle to the French at Hohenlinden, and was defeated with the loss of 10,000 men and 80 pieces of cannon. This victory was followed by another convention between Austria and France, called the convention of Steyer, the preamble of which stated that the Emperor wished for peace, whatever the determination of his allies might be.

Some serious discussions had for some time been carried on between England and Denmark; and indeed all the North was occupied by active preparations in the shape of armed neutralities, to oppose the claims of search in neutral vessels.

At home some disturbances arose in consequence of the high price of subsistence; but these were at last quieted by several acts for the relief of the general distress.

After all the necessary arrangements for the union, the Imperial Parliament assembled for the first time on the 22d of January 1801; and this assembly saw among the first public events, the resignation of the Minister, whose unfortunate measures had been so ruinous to the country. Mr. Pitt, who had long opposed the claims of Catholic emancipation, felt himself bound, in consequence of the secret assurances which, for the sake of accomplishing the union, he had given to some of the principal Catholics, to bring forward their cause in Parliament. This measure was disagreeable to his Majesty, 1801.

who conceived, that the emancipation of the Catholics would be a violation of his coronation oath to maintain the Protestant reformed religion as established by law. Mr. Pitt tendered his resignation, and it was accepted. This at least is the most accredited history of his retreat from office.

The great difficulty now was to establish a new administration who should have influence enough to support the old system of government: for, in measures, no change appears to have been resolved on by his Majesty. After much consultation, the pre-eminent offices of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer were conferred upon Mr. Addington, the Speaker of the House of Commons: Lord Hawkesbury was made Secretary of State, Lord St. Vincent First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Eldon Chancellor, Mr. Yorke Secretary at War, and Lord Hardwicke Lieutenant of Ireland.

The confederacies that had been formed by the nations of the North had given great uneasiness to the last administration, and an embargo had actually been laid on all Russian, Swedish, and Danish vessels in the British ports. After ineffectual remonstrances on the part of the Baltic powers, war was declared by those governments against Britain; and though the differences had not come to a decided rupture at the accession of the new Ministry, disputes had gone so far, that Mr. Adding on and his friends may fairly be said to have succeeded to wars with France, Spain, Holland, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, and Prussia.

Immediately after the convention of Steyer, signed December 25, 1800, Count Cobentzel was dispatched by the Emperor to Paris, whence the negotiation was transferred to Luneville; and on the 9th Feb. 1801, was signed the celebrated treaty which bears the name of that place.

Before the resignation of the last administration, an English fleet had been sent into the Baltic; and on the 2d of April a division of twelve ships, led by Lord Nelson, began an attack on Copenhagen. A dreadful engagement ensued; but at length Lord Nelson perceiving that the Danish floating batteries were almost disabled, sent a note to the Prince of Denmark, representing the expediency of an immediate cessation of hostilities, without which he should be under the necessity of destroying the floating batteries then in his power. To this the Prince agreed; and in a little while a pacific disposition manifested itself among the northern powers. But, perhaps, the restoration of tranquillity which in a few months followed, is not to be attributed so much to the bloody victory of Copenhagen, as to the sudden death or murder of that perverse and incomprehensible monarch, Paul of Russia, who was succeeded by his son Alexander, and all whose measures were presently set aside.

Lord Hawkesbury had scarcely succeeded to the Secretaryship of State, before he addressed a note to M. Otto, communicating his Majesty's disposition immediately to enter on a negociation for peace. Several months passed on, and the basis of the peace was not arranged. In the mean time Egypt had become once more the seat of destruction. An expedition under the command of General Sir Ralph Abercrombie, had been sent out in the end of the preceding year; on the 2d of March, 1801, they anchored in the bay of Aboukir, and having, under the conduct of Sir Sydney Smith, made good their landing amidst a tremendous fire, they took the fort of Aboukir, beat the French backwards to Alexandria, and on the 21st of March came to a general engagement with the Republican troops under Menou. A great victory was obtained by the English, and the standard of the French *Invincible* regiment taken, with the loss on our side of about 1400 men, and of General Abercrombie himself. This battle was followed by a series of victories on the part of the British: and in six months Menou capitulated, and Egypt was finally subdued by his Majesty's troops. In the Mediterranean also the arms of England triumphed: where an important victory was obtained by Admiral Sir James Saumarez, over the Spanish fleet.

The French were now threatening our coasts with invasion, and several petty attempts were made by our government to destroy the small craft which lay for that purpose in their harbours. But while

the minds of the British were burning with enthusiasm in this service, the joyful and astonishing intelligence was announced, that on the first of October 1801, preliminaries of peace had been signed between Great Britain and the French Republic. By these articles his Britannic Majesty agreed to restore to the republic and her allies, the conquests which his forces had made during the war, with the exception of Trinidad and the Dutch possessions in Ceylon, to evacuate Malta, and give it up to the order of St. John of Jerusalem, to restore Egypt to the Sublime Porte, and to make several other concessions which it is unnecessary here to enumerate. At length, on the 25th of March 1802, the definitive treaty of peace was signed at Amiens.

On the death of Lord Clare, the Irish Chancellor, his situation was occupied by Sir John Mitford, who had been elected Speaker on the promotion of Mr. Addington, and who was now succeeded in the Chair of the House of Commons by Mr. Abbot. Violent debates had taken place on the peace, and some alteration occurred on different motions for the censure, and for the approbation, of Mr. Pitt's conduct; a vote of thanks however passed the House of Commons for that Gentleman's *eminent services*, and his birth-day was celebrated in the city by a dinner in imitation of that which was yearly partaken by the friends of Mr. Fox.

Some misunderstanding still continued to subsist between the English and French nations, in consequence of the indulgence shewn by the former to several persons very justly obnoxious to the latter, and of the gross and indecent remarks on the government of France with which the English press was daily teeming. Further, Switzerland was in arms against France, and some clandestine intrigues of our Ministers with the Swiss were discovered by the French, which of course could not tend to allay any jealousies that might be rankling. However, concessions were made by Bonaparte, and a prospect of something like amity seemed at last to open itself on the arrival of General Andreossi as French Ambassador in London, and the mission of Lord Whitworth in the same capacity to Paris.

At home the attention of the people was a good deal occupied with the investigation of a plot headed by one Colonel Despard, which extended to the seizure of the Bank and the Tower, and even to the murder of the King himself! The Colonel and nine of his associates, after the fairest trial, were found guilty and executed.

Having brought our account to the conclusion of the late war, and swelled it to so extraordinary a length, we shall not trespass on the space of our Magazine or the attention of our readers, by detailing the events which have since occurred. They are in the recollection of all the world. We shall content ourselves with adding a few words on the private life of our beloved Sovereign:

It is well known that from his earliest youth His Majesty has rigidly practised the virtues of temperance. His meals are plain, simple and substantial, free from the refinements of modern luxury, and nothing more than what any gentleman in moderate circumstances might command. He has long been an early riser, and finds his reward in the florid health he enjoys, notwithstanding the severe indispositions with which he has been attacked. When at Windsor, which is his favourite residence, he usually rises about six o'clock in the morning. An hour or two is devoted to inspect his stud, or superintend the progress of the workmen employed in the castle. About nine he joins the Queen and Princesses at the breakfast table; and afterwards takes the exercise of hunting, in the season, or rides out to view his farms. For many years the King has been much attached to agricultural pursuits, and his farms at Windsor and Richmond are in the highest state of cultivation. With a view to improve the quality of the wool of our sheep, his Majesty some years ago imported from Spain a flock of the Merino breed; these have answered the most sanguine expectations; and in order to extend the advantage to the nation at large, his Majesty disposes of part of his flock annually by public sale.

It would lead us further than our limits will allow, to specify the various patriotic objects which employ the leisure hours of our revered Sovereign. The voyages of discovery which have been undertaken under his auspices will reflect immortal honour on

his reign; but perhaps it is not so generally known that the world is indebted for the astronomical discoveries of Herschel to the munificence of the King. That great astronomer has been under his Majesty's protection for upwards of twenty years, and resides at Slough, near Windsor, at a house appointed for him by his Royal Patron, who allows him a handsome pension, and occasionally honours his observatory with his presence.

The following anecdotes, on the authenticity of which our readers may with confidence rely, are but a few among thousands which place the qualities of his Majesty's heart in the most amiable point of view. In the progress of our work we shall have occasion to insert others of a like benevolent complexion, and shall feel ourselves much obliged to any correspondents who may favour us with communications on this head.

The deputy rangership of Windsor Little Park became vacant soon after his Majesty's recovery from his alarming indisposition in 1789. The appointment was strongly solicited by various persons of rank and influence, but the King declared, that he would dispose of the place as he thought proper. Accordingly he presented the rangership to Mr. Leonard Smelt, a gentleman who had acted as sub-preceptor to the Prince of Wales, and Duke of York, and for many years had been honoured with the private friendship and confidence of his Majesty. On presenting him with the appointment, the King observed, that as life was precarious, he had taken that opportunity of rewarding the merits of an old servant, and placing him beyond the reach of want; and he very condescendingly added, that he felt increased satisfaction in the reflection that the situation of ranger of Little Windsor Park would be the means of still retaining Mr. Smelt near his person. Mr. Smelt has now been dead some years, and to the last moment of his life retained the partiality and affection of his royal master.

On one of his Majesty's excursions to Weymouth, he stopped with the Royal Family at Dorchester, to examine the new county gaol, built after a plan of the philanthrophic Howard. A debtor who had been confined in prison upwards of fifteen years for the costs incurred in defending a tythe cause, presented a petition to his Majesty for relief. The King, after enquiring into the particulars of his case, ordered the unfortunate man to be discharged, and paid his debt.

A few assizes ago a youth was condemned at York for forgery, and from the well-known rigour with which the sentence of the law for this crime is carried into execution, there appeared very little probability that his life would be spared. It happened, however, that the family of the unhappy youth was acquainted with a dissenting clergyman in the neighbourhood of Halifax, whose character was known to the King from the following circumstance. Some years back one of his chaplains preaching before his Majesty at Windsor, quoted in his sermon a passage from a discourse which had been published by this clergyman. The King was struck with the quotation, and when the service was ended, he enquired after the author from whom the passage was taken, and expressed a desire to read his work. The chaplain acquainted his Majesty that the author was a dissenting clergyman in Yorkshire, that he had not a copy of the work in question, but would procure one from the author for his Majesty's perusal. In a short time a copy was sent, with a letter from the author to his Majesty, who was so well pleased with the merits of the performance, that he graciously offered to befriend the clergyman in any way that should be agreeable to him. He, however, declined the offers of Royal favour with suitable expressions of gratitude and respect, and probably thought no more of this incident, till the case of the unhappy youth above alluded to came to his knowledge, and determined him to recall himself to his Majesty's recollection. He wrote to his Majesty a brief statement of what has been mentioned, and very pathetically solicited the royal clemency in behalf of the youth in whose fate he was interested. Nor was the appeal in vain. The King at once recollected the dissenting clergyman, and granted a free pardon to the culprit.

A man of the name of Locket, by trade a smith, used frequently to be employed at

the Queen's house, and on such occasions the King often entered into familiar conversation with him. One day his Majesty perceiving that he was much distressed, kindly enquired the cause. Locket informed him, that a few nights before, his dwelling-house had been consumed by fire, and himself, wife, and five children, had had barely time to escape, without cloaths to cover them. His Majesty asked if he was insured? "Not a shilling," replied Locket. The King, with that paternal regard to suffering humanity, for which he is so remarkable, stretched out his hand to him, saying, "There is something to alleviate your distress;" giving him a bank note for 100*l*.

Though his habits are rather economical than otherwise, yet he has several times in the course of his reign incurred large debts which have been paid by the nation.

The issue of his Majesty who are now living were born in the following order:

Prince of Wales,	Aug. 12,	1762.
Duke of York,	Aug. 16,	1763.
Duke of Clarence,	Aug. 21,	1765.
Queen of Wirtemberg,	Sept. 29,	1766.
Duke of Kent,	Nov. 2,	1767.
Prin. Augustus Sophia,	Nov. 8,	1768.
Princess Elizabeth,	May 22,	1770.
Duke of Cumberland,	June 4,	1771.
Duke of Sussex,	Jan. 27,	1773.
Duke of Cambridge,	Feb. 24,	1774.
Princess Mary,	April 25,	1776.
Princess Sophia,	Nov. 3,	1777.
Princess Amelia,	Aug. 7,	1783.

His Majesty's Grand-daughter, the Princess Charlotte of Wales, was born on the 7th of January 1796.

HISTORY.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE JEWISH NATION.

[*Continued from page* 20.]

WHEN Hezekiah was King of Judah, God sent Isaiah, who foretold the destruction of his kingdom, and the captivity of his subjects: and upwards of an hundred years after, in the reign of Jehoiachim King of Judah, Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, with a large army, took Jerusalem by siege, seized upon the treasures which had been placed by Solomon in the temple, and carried the king, and almost all his subjects, prisoners to Babylon.

During the former part of the captivity of the Jews, Nebuchadnezzar took some of the most noble and handsome of their children, and gave them into the hands of tutors to be instructed in the Chaldean language. Among these were four of the family of Zedekiah, of most excellent dispositions; the name of one was Daniel, of another Amanias, the third was called Mishael, and the fourth Azariah. The King of Babylon changed their names, and gave to Daniel that of Belteshazzar; to Ananias, that of Shadrach; to Mishael, that of Meshach; and to Azariah, that of Abednego. These children greatly endeared themselves to the king by their application and love of learning.

Now these four formed a resolution not to defile themselves by eating the meat which came from the king's table; they, therefore, intreated the eunuch, who had the care of them, to suffer them to subsist on pulse and water, and he made trial of it for ten days; at the end of which time they looked better than the children who were fed with meat from the king's table; wherefore the eunuch gave them also the same diet. And at the end of three years, which time was, by the king's command, to elapse ere they came into his presence, they were brought before him, and none were equal to Daniel and Ananias, Mishael and Azariah, who greatly surpassed all the magicians and astrologers in the kingdom.

Nebuchadnezzar had a wonderful dream, the accomplishment of which God shewed him in his sleep, but when he arose he found that he had forgotten the accomplishment. He sent, therefore, for the Chaldeans, the magicians, and the prophets, and informing them that he had dreamt a dream, of which he had forgotten the accomplishment, commanded them to tell him not only the signification, but also the dream itself.

Amazed at this strange order, they answered that this was a thing impossible to men, and the king, enraged, gave orders that they should all be executed.

When Daniel heard that the king had issued a command for all the wise men to be put to death, and that he and his three kinsmen were included in the number, he went to the captain of the king's guards, and enquired of him the reason of this arbitrary sentence. When he had learnt the occasion of it, he desired Arioch, which was the captain's name, to entreat that the king would grant the magicians a single night's respite, for he hoped within that time to obtain knowledge of the dream, by prayer to God. Accordingly when the king had been informed by Arioch of Daniel's desire, he commanded the execution to be delayed till he should learn the result of Daniel's orisons. Daniel, retiring to his own apartment with his three friends, spent the whole night in prayers to the Omniscient to discover the dream. God heard his entreaty, and Daniel rose with great joy, and made known the dream and its interpretation to his kinsmen. When he came into the king's presence, he modestly said, that he did not pretend to be wiser than the rest of the interpreters, but that by the signal favour of God the dream and its signification had been revealed to him. And when Daniel had interpreted the dream, Nebuchadnezzar fell on his face, and worshipped him as a god, and commanded that an oblation and incense should be offered to him. Then the king made Daniel ruler over the whole kingdom of Babylon, and chief of all the wise men; and, at Daniel's request, promoted Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego to offices of trust and dignity.

Not long after Nebuchadnezzar made a golden idol, and set it up, and sent for all the chief men in the kingdom to come to the dedication of it. When they were all assembled, a herald proclaimed that the king enjoined all the people to worship the image, and whoever refused to obey should be cast into a red-hot furnace. Certain Chaldeans then accused Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego of disobedience to the king, who commanded that they should be brought before him, and on their refusal to worship the image, caused them to be cast into the furnace, which was so hot as to destroy the men who executed the order. Nevertheless Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego past unhurt through the fiery ordeal, to the great astonishment of the king, who gave them permission to come out, and decreed that whosoever spoke in future against the God of these men should die. And Nebuchadnezzar had another dream, which was interpreted by Daniel, and which portended that the king should be driven from the society of men, and dwell with beasts. This dream accordingly came to pass, and Nebuchadnezzar for some time grazed with the cattle in the fields: but before his death the Almighty restored him to the rank of human nature.

After Nebuchadnezzar, the kingdom was possessed successively by Evil Merodach, Niglissar, and Laborsordacus, the immediate predecessor of Belshazzar. The last of these monarchs made a great feast, at which he caused the gold and silver vessels which Nebuchadnezzar had taken out of the temple at Jerusalem, to be brought for the use of himself and his guests. As they sat at table, a hand appeared writing on the wall opposite to Belshazzar, who was very much alarmed, and sent for the wise men; but none were able to account for the appearance, or to explain the words which remained on the wall. Daniel was then summoned, and immediately interpreted the writing; which predicted the destruction of the king, and the conquest of his empire. In the same night was Belshazzar slain, and Babylon taken by Darius the Median, and his kinsman Cyrus.

When Darius had made himself master of the kingdom of Babylon, he favoured Daniel greatly, and set him over the whole realm; this excited the jealousy of all the princes and governors, who wished to ruin Daniel, and tried to effect their purpose by telling Darius they had made a decree, that whoever should ask a petition of any god or man, except the king, during thirty days, should be cast into the den of lions to perish there; they then entreated his Majesty to sign the writing and decree, with which request he immediately complied.

Notwithstanding this decree, Daniel prayed and returned thanks unto the Lord, as he was wont to do before: his enemies, finding that all happened as they had expected, eagerly went and accused him to Darius: and the latter, though very unwilling to punish him, was unable to follow the merciful dictates of his inclination, because no law established by the sovereign might be violated. Daniel was therefore cast into the lions' den, the mouth of which was sealed with the signet of the king. Early in the morning, Darius, trusting that the Almighty would deliver Daniel, hastened to the den, and cried out to him with a loud voice. Daniel replied, that the All-powerful God had shut the mouths of the lions, so that they had not hurt him.

The virtuous Daniel was taken up unhurt, because he put his trust in the Lord, and, by order

of the king, his accusers, with their wives and children, were thrown into the den, and the lions destroyed them ere they reached the bottom. And king Darius believed in Daniel's God, who had worked so miraculous a deliverance. Daniel had afterwards several visions, which, like Nebuchadnezzar's, portended the various revolutions of sublunary affairs.

Cyrus, on coming to the throne of Persia, commanded the Jews to go and rebuild the temple at Jerusalem, and restored to them the gold and silver vessels which Nebuchadnezzar had brought thence. The whole number of those who returned from captivity, was forty-two thousand, three hundred, and sixty, exclusive of their attendants. Some time after this, when the adversaries of the Jews, heard that the restored captives were rebuilding their city, they strongly desired Cambyses, who succeeded his father Cyrus, not to permit them to continue their labours. This counsel Cambyses followed, and the completion of Jerusalem was delayed nine years, till in the second year of Darius (the immediate successor of Cambyses), a man named Zorobabel spoke with great wisdom to the monarch. who desired him to ask any favour he pleased, and it should be granted, so much was he delighted with his judgment and sagacity. Zorobabel seized this opportunity to remind him of a vow which he had made, that if ever he mounted the throne, he would rebuild Jerusalem, and restore the gold and silver vessels which were carried away by Nebuchadnezzar. The king, pleased with the request, granted not only this, but also many other favours relative to the rebuilding of the temple, and conducive to the advantage of the Jews.

Darius was succeeded by his son Xerxes, who inherited his father's piety to God, and beneficent intentions to the Jews. He had a cup-bearer named Nehemiah, who having heard through some persons just come from Jerusalem, to what distresses the people were exposed, by incursions of the neighbouring nations, obtained his sovereign's permission to go for a time and assist in rebuilding the city. The work advanced rapidly under his directions, notwithstanding the opposition which was continually presented by the surrounding nations.

After the death of Xerxes, the kingdom descended to his son Cyrus, otherwise called Ahasuerus This king gave a splendid banquet to all the nobles of his kingdom, and sent for his wife Vashti to come to it. This message the queen refused to obey, and Ahasuerus was so much enraged, that he repudiated her, and resolved to raise another woman to the dignity of queen. He therefore caused a great number of chosen virgins to be brought before him, that he might select a wife from amongst them. In this number was a Jewish damsel, named Esther, who lived with her uncle Mordecai. This damsel was so beautiful that the king fell in love with her, and made her his queen; and after her promotion to this dignity, her uncle was constantly about the palace, for he loved her as his own daughter. There was a man named Haman, who was in great favour with the king, so that all who were about the palace, made obeisance whenever he passed by: Mordecai alone refused to pay him this homage. This greatly enraged Haman, who proposed to the king to give command that certain irregular persons who were scattered through the kingdom should be put to the sword. This proposal was levelled at the Jews, and the king, not aware of its relation to that people, issued a decree for the destruction of the vagrants. When Esther was informed of this measure, she resolved to intercede with the king for her countrymen. She therefore invited him and Haman to a banquet, but did not then speak to Ahasuerus, on the subject which was nearest to her heart. She invited them to come again on the following day, and Haman was much pleased at the honour done him by the queen; but as he went out of the palace, Mordecai was sitting on the threshold. This man's refusal to pay him homage, embittered all the pleasure that he would otherwise have felt, and when he got home he had a gallows erected, on which to hang Mordecai. On the following day the king and Haman went to feast with Esther, who informed Ahasuerus that his favourite wanted to destroy her and all her countrymen. When the king heard this, he commanded that Haman should be hanged on the gallows which he had erected for Mordecai; at Esther's entreaty he reversed the decree for the destruction of the Jews; and raised Mordecai to a very high and honourable station. In the reign of Darius, after the death of Ahasuerus, a war was carried on between the Persians and Alexander, king of Macedon; the latter in a dreadful battle, took prisoners Darius's mother, wife, and children: Darius himself fled, and Alexander entered the city of Jerusalem, and bestowed many benefits on the Jews.

[To be continued.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE SCRIBBLER.

BY MONTHLIANUS SCRIBLERUS,

*The seventh son of Septimius, who was the seventh son of * Martinus, who was the only son of Cornelius Scriblerus.*

No. I. MONDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1806.

—— Scribere jussit Amor [Scribendi]. OVID.

'Twas Love that bade my pen be dribbling;
That is to say, the love of scribbling.

I WAS never fond of apologetical prefaces, and therefore I shall write none. Why should not I come honestly to the point, without cringing myself into my reader's good graces, by making some half dozen bows with no grace at all? I would as soon begin a moral essay with the old-fashioned gravity of a "When I consider," as I would an introductory one with the formality of any such words as "At a period like the present," or "In this age of improvement." I was born to scribble the papers I have in view, as fatedly as the ink which now flows from my pen is destined to exhaust itself with the point which regulates my present sentence; and who would make an apology for his existence? This cast of my nativity can be proved to a demonstration, and that without any astrology: my surname is *Scriblerus*, and my Christian name *Monthlianus*; the former of which so miraculously corresponds with the title of my essays, that the inexperienced may be apt to imagine I had chosen it on purpose; and the latter so palpably denotes the mode of my intended publication, that the coincidence may not improbably occasion the opening of sundry books on the wizard-laws, and of innumerable gaping mouths. But by the veracity of my renowned grandfather *Martinus Scriblerus*, by the profundity of his *Art of Sinking*, by every incrustation of artificial rust on my great-grandfather's antient shield, and by the faith of a seventh son of a seventh son, I swear that, when I was christened *Monthlianus* at six months old, I had not the least idea of writing a periodical paper, and am therefore innocent of every interference with the gossips who chose my name; and farther, that I do verily and in my conscience believe, that my said great-grandfather, when he bequeathed the name of *Scriblerus* to his posterity, was totally ignorant that I should ever accidentally assume a title so coincident to it, as that which surmounts the present paper.

"Now you mention your ancestors," says a grave son of the old gentleman of Wapping, who, on reading my grandfather's travels, went to his map to look for Lilliput, "where is your genealogy? how do you prove yourself to be the seventh son of a seventh son of that *Scriblerus*, or that *Gulliver*, for I am told it is all one, whose travels to Laputa and all that, whatever some may believe, I cannot help thinking with my father are one continued heap of improbable lies?" Thus then, I answer, it is. All the world has heard of that erudite antiquarian, *Cornelius Scriblerus*, my great-grandfather; and the history and writings of his no less erudite son, *Martinus Scriblerus*, the advocate of the moderns, and the systematizer of bathos, are made every jot as notorious, by the many-mouthed monster of the press.† The historiographer of my family concludes all he knew of my learned grandfather, by supposing him to be "either dead, or carried, by his vehement thirst of knowledge, into some remote, or perhaps, undiscovered region of the world."‡ Now which of these sup-

* See the Memoirs of *Martinus Scriblerus* by *Pope*, *Arbuthnot*, and *Swift*.

† "The many-headed monster of the pit." *Pope.*

‡ See the Introduction to the Memoirs of *Scriblerus*.

positions does my reader imagine to be the correct one? He may probably guess the latter; but I can assure him that if he does, he guesses very —— "What?" as *Longinus* would *sublimely* ask—rightly. *Martinus* was indeed carried by his thirst of knowledge into a remote country; and a very remarkable country it was, as I have often heard, although I never could learn for what. Of this country then, which I have proved to be so very remarkable, for what my readers can never *forget*, he married a native. By her he had seven sons, whom he somewhat inappropriately named, according to the Latin words for their seniority. Thus the first son was incongruously enough called *Primus*; the second, very inappropriately, *Secundus*; and the last, my father, as inconsistently, *Septimius*. All these sons, except my father, died early. I have heard that they fell sacrifices to my grandfather's researches into the *sensorium*; but less scandalous accounts say that my uncle's were such inanimate dolts, as to render the fallacy of this statement self-evident; for that neither of them could be said to possess any *sensorium* at all. However this may be, my father was a very learned man; for he was scarcely ever known to open his lips; and he was of the greatest service to the literature of this metropolis (where, by the bye, I should have informed my readers he resided); for he never blotted a piece of paper in his life. I have indeed been told by an old servant of our's, who had it from a nephew of the constable of our parish, who learnt it from a woman that occasionally works for the sister of the wife of my father's barber, that one day when my father was being shaved, he actually uttered these five words: "Son, take care of thyself!" but, notwithstanding the undeniable testimony of so many people of unquestionable veracity, through whom this speech has passed, I myself put no greater faith in it than I do in *Livy*, when he tells us that a bull in the market-place of Rome once addressed the very same words to that city. To proceed in my story; my father had seven children, of which I have always considered myself as the seventh; but how his taciturnity contrived to get him married, and what became of five of my brothers, I never could learn. The sixth, however, is not unknown to the world; he was called *Thickandthinnus Scriblerus*, and has written an elaborate and argumentative preface to a chaste and pathetic pastoral dialogue between two brick-makers, named Puddle and Clod.* I have heard some blockheads insist that this preface is *very dry*; but who attends to the opinion of blockheads?

The early part of my life was spent in the dissipated company of this brother of mine, and of a few musty books, which lodged on one of the shelves of our garret; and here we every night either got drunk with poring over the yellow leaves of an old *Anacreon*, just as Robinson Crusoe grew intoxicated by holding his nose over burning tobacco, or we alternately made love to the worm-eaten pages of a *Sappho*, and tempered our love with morality, by reading the "Vitas hinnuleo" of *Horace*. Our attic likewise contained some mathematical books, but we never studied them further than to invent a rope and pulley, by which we daily pulled up our victuals in a basket, through a well stair-case. Who put them into this basket, or who else lived in the house with us, we never gave ourselves the trouble to enquire. When my father died, however, we were roused from our nocturnal revels in Greek and Latin; and I am told that we came out of our garret as emaciated as any rakes ever did out of the Thatched-house, at six o'clock in the morning. The house-keeping was now broken up by our family, and the edifice let to the honest grocer, of whom my brother and I now rent our beloved attic; for it would have gone to our hearts to part from our alma mater. Since that time both he and I have gone through a course of modern literature, in which I blundered upon the history of my own ancestors, and began to be of opinion that, although my great-grandfather, *Cornelius Scriblerus*, was perfectly right in his veneration for the ancients, yet, that my grandfather, *Martinus*, was not altogether wrong in his partiality for the moderns. In truth, I consider myself as an impartial judge of both; and have some hopes that, before I conclude my essays, my readers will think so too.

Here the old gentleman of Wapping, on account of whose supposed incredulity I have been thus garrulous, will take off his spectacles, and applying the corner of his handkerchief to the glasses of them, will stammer out his satisfaction as to my identity. I shall now therefore trouble my readers no more with family histories, notwithstanding the many authentic and explicit anecdotes with which they must be, by this time, aware I can entertain them; but shall proceed to lay open my design of scribbling them a series of lucubrations, at least such

"As these poor pick-axes can dig."

Few essayists have been felicitous in their titles; nay, many of our best would do well to

* See the weekly paper, called the News, No. XVI.

change with each other. Thus the *Idler* is studious, the *Connoisseur* descends from canvas-pedantry to sportive humour, and the *Lounger* might as justly have placed the words *Bond-street* before his title; and thus the *Spectator* and the *Mirror* should actually change names, and so might the *Rambler* and the *Observer*. No complaint of this kind can be made of *my* title; for my enemies will perhaps be the first to acknowledge, that of whatever I *write*, I can be said only to *scribble*. Thus too the name of SCRIBLERUS has at length a proper owner; it did not well become CORNELIUS, who wrote with the dulness of an antiquary, nor MARTINUS, who wrote with the profundity of a critic, nor SEPTIMIUS, who never wrote at all; but it was necessarily possessed by all these, because it was destined to fit me; just as the slow Mr. Rapid in the play (for I prefer a modern allusion on account of its novelty, and not, in this instance, on account of its superiority) bears his name, for the sake of transferring it to its right owner, his volatile son Ned Rapid.

I did intend, if it had not been for that old gentleman with his genealogies, to give my readers something interesting to-day; but somehow or another my paper is gone, and I have gotten no further than my title. Yet, after all, what I have written is interesting enough; for if it does not interest my readers, it interests me; and that is all the interest to be found in many of our popular writers.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, and M. MERCIER.

THIS Mr. Mercier is a French philosopher, who some time since published a work called Neologie, being a dictionary of the new words in the French language. He gave notice that he should publish a work, completely destructive of Newton's reputation, and he has kept his promise —to the best of his ability: for he has brought forth a book, *on the Impossibility of the Astronomical System of Copernicus and Newton*. Unfortunately for the credit of Mr. Mercier, this book will be read by many, because it contains a kind of originality, sometimes entertaining and often ridiculous. One cannot even consider this absurd production as an extravagance of humour. It is plain that the author wishes seriously to contend against a system, which has no other fault in his eyes, but the strength of the evidence that supports it. This evidence he tries to darken by many studies of which he proves his entire ignorance, many researches made in any spirit but that of improving himself, and much time and trouble that might have been better employed. It is a folly, cold and inexcusable, voluntary and hopeless, laborious and to no possible purpose. In a newspaper, an author does hazard some paradoxes: they die with the day, the morrow knows nothing about them. In a pamphlet, a man allows himself to talk a little nonsense: it produces a laugh at supper, it goes off with a conversational effect: but that a man should falsify his reason: seek what is true, only in order to say what is not so: learn what all the world believes, in order to deny it: study in order to deceive himself the more scientifically: write with the more labour in order to leave the traces of absurdity the deeper: make a huge volume that seems to have no object but the proving that, with a little habit of turning one's self mad, one may continue so for a long while together; really all this seems hardly worth the trouble.

The following sentences will serve as a specimen of Mr. Mercier's works.

"There are names which *mysticise* the uni-
"verse, and prevent us from judging for our-
"selves.

"Under the name of Hippocrates, medicine
"has killed more men than Cæsar's sword.

"The reign of Aristotle has for many ages
"darkened the human understanding. A decided
"Grecian, who is not a fool, is a kind of pheno-
"menon.

"Locke is the worst metaphysician I know, if
"indeed he deserve the name of metaphysician
"at all.

"Paracelsus was better acquainted with the
"profundities of nature and the divine wisdom
"than the archangel Newton.

"When I have a mind to amuse myself at the
"expence of *the System*, I bore a hole complete-
"ly through the globe, and throw Mount Atlas
"into the aperture: by the Newtonian laws, it
"must rest in the centre, that is incontestable.
"Then I bore a hole through Mount Atlas in
"the same way, and throw a large ball into it;
"the ball by the same rule stops at the centre.
"I bore a hole through the ball, and throw in a
"pea, and there we have a pea installed, the
"regulator and depositary of the whole attractive
"force of the earth.

"Ye majestic planets, visible and invisible,

" that have been represented as great gigs, un-
" mercifully flogged by the Sun, I come to deli-
" ver you from this servile, painful, and degrad-
" ing rotation!

" And thou, Earth! I this day stop thy useless
" and foolish course, and replace thee in perfect
" repose, as God created thee!

" Thou Moon! thy light shall be thy own;
" thou no longer shalt receive it from the Sun.
" Rejoice in my justice; when thou art eclipsed,
" I will tell the world it is but a weak light, ex-
" tinguishing itself in a great one!

" And thou Sun! thou art but an innocent
" globe, crowned with magical, or phosphoric
" rays!

" The epoch is not immensely distant, when
" it shall seem equally ridiculous and inconceiv-
" able, that so many efforts should have been
" necessary to destroy the chimera of the roman-
" tic Newton."

The author has foreseen one objection: "*You "speak of the philosophy of Newton, and you "cannot even read his mathematical principia.*" And how does he answer this? Why, as follows. " What signifies this? so I can prove by the force " of my reasoning that the system in question is " entirely false?" This is singular reasoning indeed. But it must not be supposed that the author is ignorant of the bases on which the system is founded: it is plain that he knows them, and this makes the scheme of overturning them still more inconceivable. Even if one were to suppose that he had only an intention of amusing himself, so prolix a *pleasantry* would cease to be *pleasant*; a piece of nonsense so laboriously argued and supported, must in the nature of things be very fatiguing and never agreeable.

Many chapters of the work announce a man habituated to labour, and fresh in his information on the different parts of the subject which he proposes to treat. Many of Newton's partisans would not defend their hero so ably as Mr. Mercier has attacked him; yet what is all this but a waste of talent, labour and time? The author makes us smile, when he exclaims: " Philoso-
" phers! do you know that this volume has cost
" me four or five plays, which would have pro-
" pagated some moral truths, preferable to the
" discovery of the Zodiac of Dendora? After all,
" this Newton, who has made the system of the
" world, has not made the *Brouette du Vinagrier*.
" I do not speak of my own comedy, though it
" is the general theme of Europe: I speak of the
" Brouette of Pascal. I am perfectly convinced
" that Mother Goose's tales are not more absurd
" than Newton's celesthal machinery."

But the author hopes that those who shall have read his book, will consider as demonstrated, that which he says he has chosen to expose under a popular image, and which he has converted into a proverb, for the instruction of the world: viz. " *that the earth does not resemble a roasting tur-
" key, turning on the spit before the sun. Now
" if the earth be not a turkey, Newton is a turkey
" cock.*"

Mr. Mercier is the Little David, slinging a stone at the head of this Mighty Goliah; geometry is a conjuring-book, which lends itself indefinitely for the absurd and the impossible; and the book in which all this is proved, is truly a master-piece of genius!

TO THE EDITOR OF LE BEAU MONDE.

Sir,

I AM an author without money; I do not say I am a *poor* author. I work *propter famem* and *propter famam*, but in spite of all my exertions, and the heartiest good-will in the world, I cannot satisfy the one or acquire the other; yet I do every thing, from the acrostic to the epic poem; all is in my range and indeed my mind

Naturam amplectitur omnem.

Some years ago I had a play acted at Drury Lane; a vile conspiracy threw it to the ground; I still tremble while I think of it:

Horresco referens.

Nor can I understand the reason of so dreadful a catastrophe; for you must know that I had heaped into five acts of immeasurable length, ten murders, three fires, and an earthquake. The piece concluded with the deluge; and you will confess that after having assassinated, burnt, and swallowed up, actors, actresses, and even the prompter himself, it was indispensable to drown them, that I might make sure nothing should escape the general destruction. Pity and terror were carried to their highest pitch, and I had in this instance exactly followed the rules of Aristotle. The public gave me no credit for all this, and I received such a hissing as never had been endured since the memory of man.

To revenge myself on my enemies, I darted at them a satire in heroic verse; but it was consider-

ed as rather unseasonable, and a heavy shower of rattans was the only answer to the numberless severities which I had strung together.

I then abandoned satire as a bad trade, and began composing odes and dithyrambics; Pindar was my model, and like him I made a deeply-involved hodge-podge, which every body was so ill-natured as not to understand; it is true I did not understand it myself; but I intended to do well, and that should have contented the public; I think mine were as good as Mr. Moore's Hebe, or his Genius of Harmony, at any rate.

Quidquid agunt homines, intentio judicat omnes.

Fatigued, but not overcome by so many disasters, in a career where I had promised myself, at once, gold and laurels; I renounced odes, dithyrambics, and Pindar, in order to devote myself entirely to historical romances. After working four months, I created and brought to the light, a work entitled, Caligula, an *epicæne* production, in which, after the example of Madame de Genlis, I altered at will, chronological history, without encumbering myself too much with truth. This new essay had no success; the bookseller came off with the loss of his money, and I with the loss of my labour.

To compensate my bookseller for this misfortune, I made him a present of a political manuscript on the different interests of the continental powers; but the reasoning was so subtle, that nobody could comprehend it; I am not sure that I comprehended it myself; but be that as it may, at the end of a fortnight, no more was said of the author or his pamphlet. I had begun the bookseller's ruin by my novel; I completed it by my political tract.

After such a series of calamities, you perhaps may imagine that I abandoned the trade; no, Sir; though

—— *damnatus inani*
Judicio,

I did not consider myself beaten; and as the universality of my genius left me great choice in the different branches of literature, for I am indeed,

—— Πολύτροπος, ὃς μάλα πολλὰ
Πλαγχθη,

I threw myself boldly into the enigma, a style of writing for which I am most eminently qualified. But here I was too late; for a wit who writes in the Ladies Pocket Books, prevented my successes. I guessed a conundrum in one of the newspapers; I put my explanation into verse; I sent it to the office at three o'clock in the morning; but this hateful rival gained the prize and the honours.

Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores.

This was enough to provoke a saint—much more an author. Some men in my situation would have hung themselves; but I considered that this would punish no one but myself, and I resolved on living to revenge myself on the town. In this laudable intention, I sought a subject which might rouse mankind from their lethargy; and after long reflections, and a profound examination of the perverse taste of my contemporaries, I composed, like the author of Thalaba and Madoc, an epic romance, and placed my hero and heroine in uncultivated regions, where they were obliged to work hard, travel often, fight much, and eat little. The public had denied me the credit of fancy; I there proved that I possess a fancy, not indeed so prolific as that of the before mentioned author of Joan of Arc, or that of the no less classical writer of Lyrical Ballads, but quite as wild, weak, wandering, and irregular. My romance had not much common sense—indeed it had nothing common—but this fault, if fault it can be called, was redeemed by a *natural* style; a style indeed so natural, that it escaped the keen eye of understanding, the quick scent of grammar, and the doubling pursuit of analysis; of course I had a right to expect an almost unparalleled success. Vain hope!

Et de l'espoir humain étrange aveuglement!

The Reviewers had the impertinence to call me fool and madman; but I replied to their epithets, by an appeal to posterity, which I formally announced to these vile pamphleteers. They laughed at me, my appeal, and posterity; some of my hungry rivals joined in the cry; and burlesqued me in so ridiculous a manner, that I no longer durst venture abroad.

I now made a solemn oath to write no more, and leave my pen to eternal repose; but who can resist his genius?

Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.

The scribendi cacoethes seized me more furiously than ever:

Θελω λεγειν Αἰρηδας.

I determined to write, but how should I succeed? A luminous idea, a sudden ætherial ray, shot unexpectedly upon my mind, and dissipated the obscurity of my intellect; I discovered with unspeakable joy, that I ought to attribute my numerous failures to a want of quackery: my self-love was deliciously flattered

with the reflection that success in this world depends not on the worth of things themselves, but on the manner of pushing them forward; and that if I had called myself a Scotchman, made Ballantyne my printer, and procured for my works a notice in the Edinburgh Review, I should be at this day in the third heaven of literature.

A French philosopher jocosely observes, that to succeed in this world, "*il faut etre plus adroit que droit.*" This maxim I treasure in my memory, and recommend to all my fellow authors. Do me the favour to announce it to the world, through the medium of your Magazine and believe me, Mr. Editor,

Your unfortunate servant,

PANTATHLIOGRAPHUS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF A MAN OF LETTERS.

ANECDOTES CHIEFLY RELATIVE TO THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES JAMES FOX.

THE indulgence with which Lord Holland treated his children, particularly his favourite son, our late lamented statesman, is well known. Mr. Fox, after he had arrived at years of maturity, often boasted, that from his earliest infancy he never failed to do whatever he had an inclination for; two singular instances of which occurred before he was six years old. One day standing by his father while he was winding up a watch,—"I have a great mind to break that watch, papa," said the boy.—"No, Charles," replied the father, "that would be foolish."—"Indeed, papa," said he, "I must do it." "Nay," answered the father, "if you have such a violent inclination, I "won't baulk it:" on which he delivered the watch into the hands of the youngster, who instantly dashed it against the floor.

Another time, while he was Secretary at War, having just finished a long dispatch, which he was going to sand, Charles, who stood near him with his hand upon the inkstand, said, "Papa, I have "a mind to throw this ink over the paper."—"Do, "my dear," said the Secretary, "if it will afford "you any pleasure?" The young gentleman immediately threw the ink, and the Secretary, with great composure and good humour, sat down to write the dispatch over again.

The following anecdote affords a proof not only of the indulgence, but also of the good sense of the father of Mr. Fox; it is a well known story, but it is one of those which cannot be too often repeated.

Having resolved to take down the wall at the bottom of the lawn before Holland house, and to have iron rails put up in its stead, that the passengers on the road might enjoy a better view of that noble antique building, it was necessary to make use of gun-powder to facilitate the work, and Mr. Fox promised his son Charles that he should be present whenever the explosion took place. Finding that the workmen had completed its fall without giving him notice, he directed the wall to be rebuilt, and, when it was thoroughly cemented, had it blown up again for the gratification of his favourite. At the same time he recommended it strongly to those about him, never, upon any account, to be guilty of a breach of promise to children, justly observing, that by so doing they instilled into them an indifference with regard to the observance of their own promises when they arrived at years of maturity.

Few young men were so remarkable as Mr. Fox for happiness of repartee and shrewdness of observation. Of this the following instances may be cited. Meeting one day with the Hon. J. Dyson, who was uncommonly thin and meagre, the latter, in the course of some ordinary conversation, broke off rather abruptly, by recollecting that he had some business at the Navy Office; on which Mr. Fox very coolly observed, "I should rather have imagined, Mr. Dyson, your business lay at the Victualling Office."

Being asked what measures Government take to prevent emigrations, Mr. Fox replied, that he knew not positively, but whatever might be attempted, he knew but one effectual way, and that was, to make it worth the subject's while to stay at home.

In the Parliament which was dissolved in the year 1780, Gibbon the celebrated historian had a seat. What Mr. Fox thought of the political principles of that gentleman, was made public in a singular manner. On the sale of his library, the following memorandum and verses were found written in the first volume of Gibbon's history (a presentation copy we believe) on the author's accepting a seat at the Board of Trade.

"The author of this book, upon the delivery of the Spanish rescript, in 1779, declared publicly at Brookes's, 'That there was no salvation for this country, unless six of the heads of the Cabinet Council were cut off, and laid on the tables of the Houses of Parliament as examples,' and in less than a fortnight after this declaration, he took an employment under the same Cabinet Council."

THE VERSES.

"King George in a fright,
"Lest Gibbon should write
"The story of Britain's disgrace,
"Thought no means more sure,
"His pen to secure,
"Than to give the historian a place.

"But his caution is vain,
"'Tis the curse of his reign,
"That his projects should never succeed;
"Though he write not a line,
"Yet a cause of decline
"In the author's example we read.

"His book well describes
"How corruption and bribes
"Overthrew the great empire of Rome;
"And his writings declare
"A degen'racy there,
"Which his conduct exhibits at home."

During one of his canvasses for Westminster, Mr. Fox having accosted a blunt tradesman, whom he solicited for his vote, the man answered, "I cannot give you my support; I admire your "abilities, but d---n your principles." Mr. Fox replied, "My friend, I applaud your sincerity, "but d---n your manners."

The following fact which occurred about the year 1784, affords a striking illustration of the liberality of Mr. Fox's mind. A gentleman, high in the confidence of administration, was detected in a situation, the exposure of which would have degraded him from his species, and driven him into obscurity. The matter was mentioned to Mr. Fox, and his advice was asked, whether the charge should not be exhibited for the political ruin of the culprit. Mr. Fox objected to the idea with scorn and contempt.—"I am at war," said he, "only with political principles, and the public "measures to which the gentleman gives coun-"tenance. I have nothing to do with his plea-"sures and his tastes."

With respect to his separation from Mr Burke, the author of Mr. Fox's last moments says---"I can take upon myself to say, that Mr. Fox felt this to the last day of his life. Mr. Fox, both before and after the public declaration of Mr. Burke's resolution, spared no efforts, and scarcely any submissions, to effect a reconciliation; but Mr. Burke constantly replied, "Will he pronounce the renunciation?" This referred to a most singular paper, drawn up by Mr. Burke, and containing a formal renunciation of the principles of the French revolution, with a promise that he would never again propose a reform in parliament, or the abolition of the test. This paper Mr. Burke insisted that Mr. Fox should make a part of his speech in a full house. Mr. Burke was moreover under some pretext to procure a call of the house, that nothing might be wanting to the impossibility "of future apostacy."

Mr. Fox particularly excelled in giving the characters of those with whom he had lived and acted; he used to say, Lord N—— was sensible only to one argument, and that was drawn from domestic life; Lady North possessed him under the most passive obedience. A trick was once played him by colonel Barré, during the debates on the American war. The colonel had a valet, who possessed a surprising dexterity in the imitation of hands. The opposition were eager to defer a debate, which the ministry were as anxious to bring on. The house had accordingly met, and Lord North was on the treasury bench, when a note was put into his hand. The debate was immediately deferred on some pretext, which is never wanting to a minister. The contents of the note were merely,

"My Lord,

"I must beg you to make a point of being home at five o'clock, as I expect my mother to dinner."

The hand-writing of Lady North was so well imitated, that Lord North was effectually deceived, and the opposition carried their point.

Mr. Fox received the first intelligence of the last illness of Mr. Burke in a letter from Lord Fitzwilliam. Mr. Fox was sensibly affected. When he afterwards learned that it must necessarily terminate fatally, he was agitated as with the expectation of a great calamity; in this state of mind he wrote to Mr. Burke, expressing his intention of *passing through* Beaconsfield; to this letter he received by an express the day following the answer which follows:

"Mrs. Burke's compliments to Mr. Fox, and thanks him for his obliging inquiries. Mrs. Burke communicated his letter to Mr. Burke, and by his desire has to inform Mr. Fox, that it has cost Mr. Burke the most heartfelt pain to obey the stern voice of his duty in rending asunder a long friendship, but that he had effected this necessary sacrifice; that his principles re-

mained the same; and that in whatever of life yet remained to him, he conceives that he must continue to live for others, and not for himself. Mr. Burke is convinced that the principles which he has endeavoured to maintain, are necessary to the good and dignity of his country, and that these principles can be enforced only by the general persuasion of his sincerity. For herself, Mrs. Burke has again to express her gratitude to Mr. Fox for his anxious inquiries."

Thus terminated for ever the connexion of Mr. Burke and Mr. Fox. Mr. Fox wept bitterly when he learned the death of this venerable man.

Mr. Fox used to say of Hume and Gibbon, that the one so loved a king, and the other so hated a priest, that neither of them were to be depended upon, where either a priest or a king was concerned. Gibbon, he said, moreover, has quoted many books as authority, of which he has only read the preface. He produced a singular instance of this, where Gibbon has quoted a passage as being in the third book of a writer whose work is divided into two books only. Gibbon was led into this error by the transcriber of the preface of the book so quoted, who, in writing out the passage, has made the same error.

Mr. Fox's bookseller sent Godwin's Political Justice to him; Mr. Fox read about half a dozen pages in the middle of the book; his practice in regard to modern books before he gave them a reading. Godwin did not suit him: he did what he had seldom done before, returned it to his bookseller.

During his last visit to Paris, Madame Recamier was constant in her attentions to Mr. Fox; she called for him one day in her carriage, when Mr. Fox hesitating---"Come," said she, "I must keep my promise, and shew you on the promenade. The people of Paris must always have a spectacle; before you came, I was the fashion; it is a point of honour, therefore, that I should not appear jealous of you. You must attend me, Sir."

Two or three days after this, there appeared, in the Clef du Cabinet, an ode of some wit, but which in England would have given offence to the subjects of it. Mr. Fox and Madame Recamier, were Jupiter and Venus. The author, according to the French modesty, standing in the lobby of the Opera, put a copy of his ode into the hands of Mr. Fox, and another into those of Madame Recamier, whom Mr. Fox was attending. Mr. Fox was confused upon reading the subject; Madame Recamier laughed. "Let them say what they please," said she, "as long as Monsieur Recamier possesses his senses, and laughs at them as I do. This is a first-rate writer, and author of the opera which is to be represented to-night; he writes in Italian almost as well as in French; and, as I am informed, has written an English comedy, and sent it by an express to the manager of one of your theatres. Paris is not, however, pleased with him for this last trick; it considers it as a sort of infidelity."

Mr. Fox always entertained the highest opinion of Madame Recamier; he said that she was the only woman in France who united the attractions of pleasure to those of modesty. When her dress was objected to, Mr Fox said, that it was the fashion in France, and had lost its indecency in its generality.

On the 16th of September Mr. Fox assisted at the extraordinary sitting, which took place at the Tribunate. A few minutes before the opening of the sitting, M. Boyer, captain of the guard of the Tribunate, advanced to Mr. Fox, and addressed him in these words: "I am one, Sir, of two hundred French prisoners, who in the year 3 (1795) were prisoners at Porchester. We applied to you, and you had the generosity to exert your eloquence in our favour. On a sudden our chains were broken, and we were almost free. This benefit will never be forgotten by my companions in misfortune: but I am at present, happier than they are, because I am able to declare to you publicly my gratitude. I intreat you to add to it, if it be possible, by condescending to accept my weak, but sincere expression of it." Mr. Fox appeared to be much affected by this testimony of gratitude. He replied, with his characteristic simplicity and modesty; "O yes, Sir, I recollect."

[To be continued.]

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF LOPE FELIX DE VEGA CARPIO.

BY HENRY RICHARD LORD HOLLAND.

[*Concluded from page 37.*]

THE play which Lord Holland has selected as a specimen of Lope's dramatic productions, is called La Estrella de Sevilla. His Lordship points out as a particular merit the art with which the plot is conducted. We subjoin a short sketch of it.

The King of Castile is in love with Estrella, and to further his designs upon her, confers many favours on her brother, Bustos Tabera. But both Tabera and Estrella entertain a preference for Sancho Ortiz, who is desirous of marrying the young lady. The king one day contrives to take out Tabera with him in his coach, and has instructed Arias, his favourite, to make proposals to Estrella. These proposals she scornfully rejects; but a bribe induces her attendant, Matilda, to promise that the king shall, at night, be introduced into Estrella's chamber.

In the beginning of the second act, he is admitted into the house, but has scarcely entered when Tabera comes home, and is much surprised at the absence of Matilda and the darkness of the apartments. He overhears Matilda and the king; and becoming alarmed at a man's voice, jealous of his sister's honour, and perplexed by the equivocal answers of the stranger, he draws upon him. The king, to extricate himself from the danger, declares his name; but Tabera, galled and alarmed, affects to disbelieve him. In urging the impossibility of such an attempt from the king, he contrives to upbraid him most bitterly for his base and dishonourable conduct. He allows him, however, to escape, but puts to death the female slave who procured him admittance. The king returns to his palace, and with great indignation relates his adventure to Arias, who stimulates him to revenge. But the cause of his majesty's animosity is so little creditable, and the character of Tabera is so popular, that no pretext can be found for his execution. Arias suggests to the king the policy of instigating Sancho Ortiz, who is a loyal and intrepid soldier, to murder him.

The scene that ensues between the king and Sancho contains, in the original, much passion and some strong sentiments. The king persuades Sancho to kill his enemy, without, however, informing him of that enemy's name, except by a note, which, on the king's exit, Sancho is about to read, when a letter is brought to him from Estrella, containing tender information the most favourable to his hopes, and declaring her brother Tabera's readiness to conclude the nuptials without delay. Sancho is setting off delighted, but suddenly remembering the king's command, he stops to ascertain, from his majesty's note, what man is to be dispatched. He opens the scroll, and reads—"The man, Sancho, whom you must kill, is Bustos Tabera." His excessive anguish at this discovery makes him half doubt the truth of it, and he reads the fatal words repeatedly, in hopes of finding some mistake.

"In this soliloquy, which is very long," observes Lord Holland, "there is a great mix-"ture of natural passion, misplaced wit, and "trivial conceit. I should have inserted it, but "he begins by comparing, in a metaphor of "considerable length, the vicissitudes of life to a "particular game of cards, with which I, and, "probably, my readers are unacquainted. A "part of the speech is in the style of Ovid. "Sancho is alternately a good lover and a loyal "subject, and with great impartiality devotes "nearly an equal number of verses to each sen-"timent. He is at last, however, swayed by "the consideration that a king is responsible to "God alone for his actions, and that the only "duty of a subject is to obey him. He infers "also, from these premises, that the merit of his "obedience is enhanced if, by executing the "king's mandates, he sacrifices his own affec-"tions, and incurs the enmity of the person he "loves best on earth."

He has just made up his mind to the murder, when Tabera enters. Sancho takes an opportunity of picking a quarrel, and kills him. A couple of Alcaldes come in, and apprehend the murderer. Meantime Estrella is dressing herself; just as she has finished her toilette, the body of her brother is brought in, and the act concludes with her lamentations over it.

In the opening of the third act the king is informed of Sancho's behaviour, that he has avowed the murder, but refused to disclose the motives of it. The king is struck with his magnanimity, but at the same time embarrassed by it. "Tell "him," he at length exclaims to Arias, "to declare who instigated him to this crime, though "it be the king himself: tell him I am his friend; "but that, unless he immediately explains his "conduct, he must to-morrow perish on a public "scaffold." Estrella enters, and after a speech which, however poetically it may be conceived, is neither well placed nor happily executed, claims a privilege, sanctioned by the ancient Spanish usages, of deciding, as nearest relation of the deceased, the fate of her brother's murderer. The king, moved by her beauty and tears, has not force enough to resist her entreaties: and in a speech full of hyperbolical compliments on her charms, presents her with a royal key which will admit her to the prison, and secure to her the delivery of the prisoner. She leaves the royal presence with some ambiguous expressions, which the king construes into vows of revenge. From the moment that he ceases to contemplate her features, he condemns his own weakness, and is penetrated with remorse. In the dialogue between Estrella and him, there are some very pretty verses, but both the sentiments and expressions seem suited to a sonnet rather than to a tragedy.

The next scene is a prison, in which Clarindo, Sancho's servant, who is the Gracioso of this piece, gives Sancho his reasons for not composing a poem on his misfortunes. Arias coming in delivers the king's message, and Sancho answers in ambiguous terms: "Let those whose "duty it is to speak, speak: my duty was to act, "and I have acted." When Arias retires, Clarindo and his master discuss the subject of honour; and Sancho's passion, mixed with his romantic notions, very naturally persuades his servant that he is mad. At length enters a lady veiled, to whom, in virtue of the king's order, the prisoner is delivered. She offers him liberty, which he refuses to accept, unless she unveils herself. She, after some importunity, consents, and discovers herself to be Estrella. Sancho, struck with her love, thinks some extravagant flight of generosity is required of him, and obstinately refuses to leave his prison. After several witticisms on his conduct, they separate, both resolving to die, one literally on a scaffold, the other figuratively of love. This scene, where the situation seems to suggest some fine sentiments, is, in Lord Holland's judgment, the coldest and worst in the play. In the succeeding scenes, the king, stung with remorse, is nevertheless overruled by the sophistry of Arias, and consents to avail himself of Sancho's generosity, by not acknowledging himself the criminal; but at the same time resolves to exert his influence with the judges, to procure an acquittal of Sancho Ortiz, or at least a mitigation of the sentence, which may enable him, under pretence of banishment, to reward Sancho Ortiz for his fidelity. The judges, however, to the king's great dismay, come in with the sentence of death, and excuse themselves to his majesty by appealing to the nature of their office, or rather to that of their wands, which are the insignia of it. The king, unable to shake their integrity, promises to marry Estrella to a grandee of Castile, on condition that she shall withdraw the prosecution against the murderer. To this she consents. The king pronounces Sancho's pardon: but the judges loudly remonstrate against such a proceeding, and at length extort from the king the confession that the murder had been committed at his instigation. Estrella, pressed by the king to marry Sancho, acknowledges her love for him, but cannot overcome her repugnance at seeing her brother's murderer at her bed and board, and obstinately persists in her refusal. This conduct produces an exclamation of wonder at the heroic qualities of the Sevillians from all present, except the Gracioso, who observes, that to him they all appear mad.

"Whether," says Lord Holland, "we agree "with him in this judgment, or with the king, "who, after promising to procure a great match "for Estrella, compliments the author on the "poem, and thinks the subject worthy to be writ"ten on tablets of brass, we cannot but acknow"ledge that there are many situations in the "play truly tragic, that it excites great interest "in the perusal, and is calculated to produce yet "greater effect upon the stage."

Of the plays in general, Lord Holland observes, that they do not admit of the distinction of tragedies and comedies, according to the common, or at least the French, acceptation of those terms; for the comedies contain not only distressing situations and persons of high rank, but even murders; and the tragedies have some characters so low, and dialogue so familiar, that they scarcely can claim the title of even serious plays. Yet there is an evident difference, both in the conception, and in the execution of two distinct species of dramas. In one the characters and incidents are intended to excite surprise and admiration; in the other, merriment, occasionally mixed with interest. It is in the variety of his plots that his chief skill seems to consist; and, among the vast numbers that he invented, there is scarcely one which does not strongly fix the attention. The art of exciting curiosity,

and interesting the feelings, was the great spell by which he enchanted the populace, to whose taste for wonders he is accused of having sacrificed so much solid reputation. On one occasion a spectator is said to have interfered with great anxiety for the protection of an unfortunate Princess, crying out against the cruel murderer, who, to all appearance, was slaying an innocent lady.

After all these kind statements which we have gleaned from the candid biographer, the merit of Lope appears to us to have consisted rather in quantity than in quality: he brought forth a vast number of *foxes*, but very, very seldom, a *lion*.

So much for the Spaniard: let us now say a few words upon the merits of his Editor. The general style of Lord Holland's prose is nervous, clear, and, without any sacrifice of precision, eloquent. He does not rush into the common vice of biographers and commentators, who extol their hero in terms the most extravagantly partial. His criticisms, indeed, are always candid; and, in our opinion, almost every where just, as far as general principles are in question; but, where the minutiæ of natural feeling, or dramatic effect are the subjects of discussion, his remarks convey, at least to our minds, the idea, that he has judged rather from a profound study of books, than from an accurate observation of men. We will give an example or two.

It is a received maxim among the Spaniards, both in real life, and upon the stage, that love cannot exist without jealousy. But in Lope's plays, Jealousy often exists without love, which Lord Holland thinks very singular; and his Lordship is yet more surprised, that in some of those plays jealousy precedes and produces love; for he calls it preposterous, to suppose that a man may excite love in one woman, by falling in love with another; nor can he conceive that love has ever more particles in it of pride than of tenderness. Does this argue strongly for Lord Holland's knowledge of the human heart?

Again: he objects to epigrammatic dialogue on the stage, as "more calculated for the expression of wit than of passion." But is wit to be excluded from the scene, because an injudicious author may sometimes misapply it? If so, Comedy, instead of making us laugh, will make us sleep. Wit is certainly unseasonable in Tragedy, where the feelings are to be excited: but there are few incidents truly comic, that are much injured by the wit with which they are gemmed.

Farther: he praises the Lamentation of Mary Queen of Scots, in Lope's poem of the Corona Tragica. The passage is too long for insertion, but we think our readers will admire it as little as we do. The following lines he is pleased to call magnificent.

Ten secreto á las cosas que me cuentas,
Que yo sin alterarme estos hermanos
Castigaré de suerte que no sientan,
Por donde a la venganza van las manos.

Alterése la mar con sus tormentas,
Levanté a las estrellas monte canos,
Que ha de ser rio un principe discreto
Que va donde mas hondo, muy mas quieto.

Which he thus translates:

Be silent then, while I the mode devise,
Secret, but sure, these brothers to chastise;
Untroubled in my looks, they shall not know
What breeds the vengeance, or whence came the blow.

When the storm howls, the sea may troubled rise,
And lift its foamy mountains to the skies;
But the wise Prince is like the river stream,
And where most deep, should there most tranquil seem.

Putting the translator's grammatical inaccuracy and baldness of style altogether out of the question at present, (for we shall have occasion to notice them hereafter) would the generality of poetical amateurs be able to discover any mighty magnificence, in eight lines, that amplify a thought as old as the waters themselves? The prettiest lines of which any mention is made, and though not perfect, yet certainly the most creditable to the translator, are these:

Let no one say that there is need
Of time for love to grow;
Ah no: the love that kills indeed,
Dispatches at a blow.

The spark which but by slow degrees,
Is nurs'd into a flame,
Is habit, friendship, what you please;
But love is not its name.

For love to be completely true,
It death at sight should deal,
Should be the first one ever knew,
In short, be what I feel.

To write, to sigh, and to converse,
For years to play the fool;
'Tis to put passion out to nurse,
And send one's heart to school.

Love, all at once, should from the earth
Start up, full grown and tall;
If not an Adam at his birth,
He is no Love at all.

Having given this favourable specimen of Lord Holland's translation, we may be allowed to advise our readers to search for no more such specimens; if they do, they will be heavily disappointed. Among other general observations at the beginning of the work, he says, that, "to accomplish the chief objects of poetry, the versification must be smooth, the language pure and impressive, and the images just, natural and appropriate; our interest should be excited by the nature of the subject, and kept up by the spirit of the narration." If we judge the noble Lord by his own rules, we shall find him guilty without travelling beyond his own words. The *adoptation of the imagery, the interesting nature of the subject, and the spirit of the narration*, which are three of the assistants that he requires for a poet, are no concern of a translator; if they are ill managed the translator incurs no blame, except perhaps that of having selected an unfortunate exercise for his muse. But the *smoothness of the versification, and the purity and impressive structure of the language*, are entirely in the hands of the translator—and here it is that Lord Holland conspicuously fails. As to the *versification*, our dislike of it admits no *exception* but the stanzas last quoted: we will give our readers a *general* idea of the rest of it.

Two Spanish lines, which his Lordship quotes, he would probably in prose have thus translated: If you allow me, I compare to your beauty whatever the sea, the air, or the earth contains. But in verse Lord Holland thus transposes his words:

Thus, what contains or sea, or earth, or air,
I to thy form, if you approve, compare.

The transposition is not, however, here the only fault, for the lady is first addressed by the pronoun of the second person singular, *thy*, and afterwards by a pronoun of the second person plural, *you*. Nor is this couplet much bettter:

Your crown then let your pretty looks defend,
For on your abject necks to trample I intend.

Nor these; from the Estrella:

Bustos. In meeting thus my fortune do I greet.
Sancho. Alas! I curse the chance that makes us meet.
* * * * * *
Bus. —— Though slow of anger to a friend,
Thy words my virtue as my pride offend.
San. Not more offended can thy virtue be,
Than I, so long to talk with one like thee,
* * * * * *
Tis true, I slew him, I not that deny;
I own I slew him, but I say not why:
That why, let others, if they like it, plead,
Enough for me that I confess the deed.

Estrella has the misfortune of breaking her looking-glass while she is dressing to receive her lover, Sancho Ortiz.

Estrella, (to Theodora, her attendant). Is't broken?
Theo. Yes.
Estr. And sure with reason too,
Since soon, without its aid, I hope to view
Another self; with him before my eyes,
I need no glass, and can its use despise.

Enter Clarindo.

Clar. All, lady, all is merriment and cheer,
And the plum'd hats announce the wedding near,
I gave the letter, and received a ring.
Estr. Take too this diamond for the news you bring.
Clar. Alas, the precious gem is split in two;
Is it for grief?
Estr. Oh no, Clarindo, no;
It burst for joy: the very gems have caught
My heart's content and gaiety of thought.
Thrice happy day, and kind indulgent sky!
Can it be true?—Is this my destiny?
Theo. Hark! steps below!
Clar. And now the noise draws near—
Est. My joy o'ercomes me!—

(Enter Alcaldes with the dead body of Bustos Tabera, Estrella's Brother).

Gracious God! what's here?
Pedro (one of the Alcaldes). Grief, nought but grief, was made for man below,
Life is itself one troubled sea of woe:
Lady, Tabera's slain.
Est. O sad, O cruel blow!
* * * * * *
If ever pity dwelt in human breast,
Kill—murder—stab me—
Ped. With such grief opprest
Well may she rave.
Estr. O sentence fraught with pain!
My brother dead, by Sancho Ortiz slain!

The rest of the dialogue is of a piece with these extracts: and, indeed, all the scenes that Lord

Holland has translated, are done in such a style, that if we had not been accquainted with his grave turn, we should have thought he intended to burlesque the expression and versification of some of the rhyming tragedies that poor Dryden used to write in a hurry, when he wanted a dinner.

We will give examples also, of the noble Lord's success in *purity and impressive structure of language*. Translating a passage where two of the characters are speaking of the style called Cultismo, or the polished style, an affected, metaphorical, involved, and obscure method of writing, which was at one time gaining ground among the Spanish authors, he writes:

L. A plain or polish'd bard?
S. My style's polite.
L. My secrets then remain with me to write.
S. Your secrets? why?
L. Because, politely penn'd,
Their meaning sure no soul can comprehend.

In the second line, Lord Holland appears to us to have given a most happy exemplification of the obscure style which Lope attacks: for we were several minutes before we discovered, what at last, by the help of transposition, we guessed, that this line means, Remain then with me to write my secrets. The following couplets, which we have before quoted for another purpose, afford a farther specimen of *pure and impressive language.*

Be silent then, while I the mode devise,
Secret, but sure, these brothers to chastise;
Untroubled in my looks, they shall not know
What breeds the vengeance, or whence comes the blow.

The participle *untroubled*, agrees, *by the grammar*, with the pronoun *they*: but it ought to agree, *for the sense*, with the pronoun *I*. How would this read in a language where the grammatical agreement is pointed out by the inflexion of cases? in Latin, for instance.

donec hos fratres
Poena affecero: vultu (meo) imperturbati, nescient, &c.

The idioms of language differ: but the principles of grammar are immutable.

Instead of, "How *sit* my garments," Lord Holland says, "How *set* my garments." Is it at this time of day, that we must repeat the old distinction, that to *sit* is a neuter verb, but to *set*, is active, and signifies the *causing to sit*? We have been accustomed to learn, that *smitten* is the participle of the verb *smite*: yet Lord Holland makes the participle *smit*. In another place he revives the obsolete custom of saying *writ* instead of *written*.

With all these errors, and many more, of which these are intended but as a sample, the present work cannot but be considered as a most valuable acquisition to British literature. There is no nation more ignorant than England, of the affairs of its neighbours; and a book which avoiding tedious detail, gives a clear and general notion of the writings of a country so eminent as Spain was once, must be perused with pleasure, and remembered with profit, by the curious, the literary, and the learned.

We are informed, that Lord Holland is engaged in preparing a life of his regretted friend and uncle, Mr. Fox. We hope this information may not prove unfounded: for though we do not flatter his Lordship on his poetical attempts, we entertain a strong hope, that his prose compositions will continue to increase the reputation which he has sought, and in many respects deservedly acquired, from his life of Lope de Vega.

HORATIUS.

ODES, EPISTLES, AND OTHER POEMS, BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

WITH a mixed sensation of pleasure and regret, we resume our view of Mr. Moore's works; of pleasure, for the many beautiful lines and poetical ideas with which they are often adorned; of regret, for the dreadful prostitution of genius, and disgraceful sacrifice of decency, by which they are perpetually dishonoured.

In the epistle to Mr. Morgan there are a few good verses, and only a few; though perhaps, on the whole, the epistles are by far the best part of the collection. But our author makes poor Mr. Morgan attend to a good deal of nonsense, when he talks about the planet Venus shedding her *bright-'ning balm*, and romances in a postscript, about looking for *softest love* in a milliner-girl's bandbox. The next poem, called the Wedding-ring, Mr. Moore begins with some lines which defy our comprehension.

No—Lady, Lady, keep the Ring:
Oh! think how many a future year
Of placid smile and downy wing
May sleep within its holy sphere!

Do not disturb their tranquil dream,
Though Love hath ne'er the mystery warm'd,
Yet heav'n will send a soothing beam
To bless the bond itself hath form'd.

Here we have Years folding up their downy wings, and going to sleep with a placid smile, within a wedding ring. They are not to be disturbed: and why? because, though love has never *warm'd* the *mystery*, yet heaven intends *to bless a bond* with a *soothing beam!* With all his Greek too, he is not a very good grammarian, for he says in his first ode to Nea:

No—no—on earth there's only she
So long could bind such folly fast;
None, none could make, but only *me*,
Such pure perfection false at last.

Me could make!

The next ode to Nea is extremely pretty; it is tender without being indecorous.

The Dream of Antiquity is an indifferent production. We wish Mr. Moore would let the ancients alone, and not trouble himself to paint, from school recollections, or Herculanean prints, what he calls "a bright bewildering scene." Bewildering indeed is the whole ode! For instance these lines:

I saw the vestal planet *weep*
Her tears of light on Ariel's flood.

The bright and balmy spell,
Like *star-dew* o'er my fancy fell.

I watch'd the playful stream,
Entangling in its *net* of smiles,
So fair a group of elfin isles.—

The allusion to Cardan's account of the mode of polishing pearls, by leaving them awhile to be played with by doves, is rather far-fetched, but certainly pretty:

——— I stray'd
Through that serene, luxurious shade,
Where Epicurus taught the loves
To polish Virtue's native brightness,
Just, as they say, the beak of doves
Can give to pearls a smoother whiteness.

The verses beginning, "If I were yonder wave, my dear," the ode "On seeing an infant in Neah's arms," and the stanzas called "The Snow Spirit," are diverting from their inexpressible silliness: they excel that celebrated burlesque, mistaken by Wakefield for a serious sonnet, and beginning, "Melancholy smooth meander, Gently purling in a round."

The following lines, which are near the beginning of the next poem, are pretty enough:

'Twas noon, and every orange bud
Hung languid o'er the crystal flood,
Faint as the lids of maiden eyes,
Beneath a lover's burning sighs!

——— A scene so dear
As fate allows but seldom here,
One of those rare and brilliant hours,
Which, like the aloe's lingering flowers,
May blossom to the eye of man
But once in all his weary span.

But these lines are not long allowed to sail in triumph, for the author tacks to them some more poetry, which, like a stone round their neck, carries them at once to the bottom. Nea is sleeping in a bower:

One little beam alone could win
The leaves to let it wander in,
And, stealing over all her charms,
From lip to cheek, from neck to arms,
It glanc'd around a *fiery kiss*,
All trembling, as it went, with bliss!
Her eyelid's black and silken fringe,
Lay on her cheek of vermeil tinge,
Like the first ebon cloud, that closes
Dark on evening's *heaven of roses!*
Her glances, though in slumber *hid*,
Seem'd glowing round their ivory lid,
And o'er her lips reflecting dew
A soft and liquid lustre threw,
Such as, declining, *dim and faint*,
The lamp of some beloved saint
Doth shed upon a flowery wreath,
Which pious hands have hung beneath!

Then follows the copy of verses on the loss of a letter intended for Nea. If the letter contained nothing more decorous, poetical, or grammatical, than this apology, we are not sorry for its loss. The next poem has been admired by many; but we confess that we are not among the number. The lines in it, which have been most praised, are these:

——— The chamber
Felt as if her lips had shed
A sigh around her ere she fled,
Which hung, as on a melting lute,
When all the silver chords are mute,
There lingers still a trembling breath
After the note's luxurious death,
A shade of song, a spirit air
Of melodies which had been there.

The shade of a sound is *too poetical* for us. We noticed, in our last number, Mr. Moore's illumination of sound, and it now appears that sound is capable both of *light* and *shade*. A shadow in its other sense, or, as Mr. Moore calls it, a *spirit air*, is almost equally unintelligible to us. We are told by our nurses, who are the best authority on such a subject, that a spirit is itself air: the spirit then of air can be no more than the spirit of a spirit, or the air of air. The obscure, it is true, has been established as one of the sources of the sublime: but the obscurity allied to the sublime, is the obscurity created by an image which is not completely revealed, by a chasm which is left for the imagination to supply; not the obscurity caused by an incongruity or impossibility of metaphor, and deepened by a confusion of phrase. We have given the lines: our readers will judge for themselves.

The Kiss a l'antique, is very like the kiss that occurs in modern days, and the language in which it is described is very like that which may be acquired in the purlieus of Covent Garden.

The Snake is, perhaps, one of the neatest compositions in our language; it has all the merits of the liveliest archness and the smoothest versification.

In the stanzas that succeed, there is all the titillating luxuriance which we have so often had occasion to censure; and they have not even the merit of adhering to probability and nature:

She felt my lips' impassion'd touch;
'Twas *the first time* I dar'd so much,
And yet she chid not;
But whisper'd o'er my burning brow,
"*Oh do you doubt I love you now?*"
Sweet soul! I did not.

This endeavour to remove doubt is seldom made but after such reproaches from the gentleman as a suitor would hardly have ventured, unless he had before had at least the favour of a kiss. Here Mr. Moore seems to be mistaken in his own department.

The Grecian girl's dream of the Blessed Islands is not in a much chaster strain; and it abounds in the author's favourite words, such as *melting*, *soothing*, *wreathed*, &c. &c. which he perpetually makes use of, without leaving to his reader, the remotest chance of decyphering their meaning. In this piece too Mr. Moore makes *sprung* instead of *sprang*, the imperfect of the verb to *spring*; and *wove* instead of *woven*, the participle of the verb to *weave*. In this piece, too, he tells us of the hallowed souls, "*whom life hath wearied in its race of hours.*" The people who run are generally the weary ones: but in this instance the race is a race of hours, and the souls are wearied by it. The blessed islands of which the Grecian girl is dreaming appear to mean the sun and moon, for a note informs us, that the ancients supposed an etherial ocean to be above us, and the sun and moon to be two floating, luminous islands, in which the blest reside. "Accordingly," adds Mr. Moore, "we find that the word Ωκεανος was "sometimes synonymous with *αηρ*, and death was "not unfrequently called, Ωκεανου περαν, or the "passage of the ocean." May not this Ωκεανος have referred to the river Styx, of which the περαν, or passage, was supposed necessary for all the shades?

The Imitation from Martial, "To Cloe," is pretty and sprightly. The Journal is a strange piece of doggrel; and the Vase which follows it, contains allusions by no means calculated for virgin ears: but the Vase is chaste, in comparison of some lines towards the end of the volume, which resemble it in their subject, and which Mr. Moore had the indecency to write in a Lady's album. The Wreath and the Chain, is one of the numerous performances which we confess ourselves unable to comprehend. As we go on to other poems, we are more and more disgusted to see such lines as the following, applied by the poet to a woman, who had loved other men, by whom other men had been blest, "whose *snowy* "*lids had hung*" for others, "in extacy as "*purely* felt."

Thou art now my own, I clasp thee all,
And heav'n can grant no more than this!

Forgive me, dearest, oh forgive;
I would be first, be sole to thee.
Thou shouldst have but begun to live,
The hour that gave thy heart to me.

Thy book of life till then effac'd,
Love should have kept that leaf alone,
On which he first so clearly trac'd,
That thou wert, soul and all, my own!

Ought any man to feel such sensations for such a mistress? No one ought: we think scarcely any one does.

We are now recompensed for much ribaldry by an epistle to Lord Forbes, which is written not only in the best manner of our author, but in a manner which would not have disgraced our greatest epistolary poet, Mr. Pope himself. It would be difficult to excel these lines with which the poem begins.

If former times had never left a trace
Of human frailty in their shadowy race,

Nor o'er their pathway written, as they ran,
One dark memorial of the crimes of man;
If every age, in new, unconscious prime,
Rose, like a phœnix, from the fires of time,
To wing its way, unguided and alone,
The future smiling and the past unknown,
Then ardent man would to himself be new;
Earth at his foot, and heaven within his view,
Well might the novice hope, the sanguine scheme
Of full perfection prompt his daring dream,
Ere cold experience, with her vet'ran lore,
Could tell time, fools had dream'd as much before!
But tracing as we do, through age and clime,
The plans of virtue 'midst the deeds of crime,
The thinking follies, and the reas'ning rage
Of man, at once the ideot and the sage,
&c. &c. &c.

This epistle is a vehement Philippic against the Americans, whom, here and elsewhere, Mr. Moore takes every opportunity of placing in the most contemptible point of view. In lines of wonderful energy, he reprobates the cant of freedom, and the jargon of those factious wretches,

Who, poor of heart, and prodigal of words,
Born to be slaves and struggling to be lords,
But pant for licence while they spurn controul,
And shout for rights, with rapine in their soul!
Who can, with patience, for a moment see
The medley mass of pride and misery,
Of whips and charters, manacles and rights,
Of slaving blacks, and democratic whites,
And all the pyebald polity, that reigns
In free confusion o'er Columbia's plains!
——— Where bastard freedom waves
Her fustian flag in moc'ry over slaves;
Where, motley laws admitting no degree
Between the vilely slav'd and madly free,
Alike the bondage and the licence suit
The brute made ruler, and the man made brute!

Our author, however, forgot the precepts of his grammar when, to the second verb in the following line, he joins an adjective adverbially,

I *feebly* paint what yet I feel so *strong*.

And again when he says, "*that few*," instead of "*those few*."

The Anacreontic, "*I fill'd to thee, to thee I drank*," is truly anacreontic. But what sort of metaphor does Mr. Moore intend to use, when in his epistle to Dr. Hume he asks whether America's lordly land were designed to "*nurse the motley dregs* of every distant clime?" To nurse dregs, we believe, is new. The *Fall of Hebe* has been so ably and completely exposed by the Edinburgh reviewers, that it would be perfectly superfluous for us to recapitulate its absurdities. The Anacreontic, "*He never look'd so kind before*," also seems to us very like nonsense: but the following verses have something in them so original, and, with the exception of the second line in the last stanza, are so pleasing, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of transcribing them.

That wrinkle, when first I espy'd it,
At once put my heart out of pain,
Till the eye that was glowing beside it,
Disturb'd my *ideas* again.

Thou art just in the twilight at present,
When woman's declension begins,
When fading from all that is pleasant,
She bids a *good night* to her sins.

Yet thou still art so lovely to me,
I would sooner, my exquisite mother,
Repose in the sun-set of thee,
Than bask in the noon of another!

Cloris and Fanny too are the subjects of eight neat lines:

Cloris, if I were Persia's king,
I'd make my graceful queen of thee,
While Fanny, wild and artless thing,
Should but thy humble handmaid be.

There is but one objection in it,
That, verily, I'm much afraid
I should, in some unlucky minute,
Forsake the mistress for the maid!

The copy of verses to a Lady who asked the author to address a poem to her, is very pretty, but too long to insert, and so gay in its style, that if the fair petitioner be very modest, it has probably cost her a blush or two. The song of the Evil Spirit is an eccentric production: but there is great strength and effect in this passage:

Where the bird of carrion flits,
And the shuddering murderer sits,
Lone beneath a roof of blood,
While, upon his poison'd food,
From the corpse of him he slew,
Drops the chill and gory dew.

These lines allude to a custom among the Hurons, of laying the murdered body upon poles at the top of a cabin, and obliging the murderer not only to remain there alone, but to receive all that dropped from the carcase.

The impromptu, upon leaving some friends, is very pretty. There are many excellencies in the epistle to Mr. William Spencer; but what must a man of Mr. Spencer's polished taste think of

such a jumble of figurative words as is found in these lines?

Mind, mind, alone, in *barren, still repose,*
Nor *blooms*, nor *rises*, nor *expands*, nor *flows.*

We are delighted to hear of

Nights of mirth and mind,
Of whims that taught, and follies that refin'd.

And we can easily conceive, that England, particularly in such society as Mr. Spencer's, might be much more pleasant than America: but it is sad affectation to subjoin to the epistle a quotation so common-place in its sentiment as this from Euripides:

"Ω πατρις, ὡς σε καβλα νυν μνησιν εχω."

"O my country, how strongly is the recollec-
"tion of thee now present to me."

This puts us in mind of our old friend, Doctor Pangloss, who, after laying it down that two and two make four, supports that new and doubtful axiom by the authority of Cocker. In this epistle too we hear of *conquering rivers*, so called, in imitation of a conceit of Charlevoix, because rapid streams flow into other waters without mixing their own current with that of the tide which receives them: and of blooming spots *burning* with the step of the muse of inspiration.

The Vision of Philosophy is a mad piece of heroic blank verse; and because heroic blank verse forsooth is not a metre sufficiently easy, Mr. Moore takes the liberty of introducing an alexandrine. The whole poem is a mixture of such materials as the tyro is obliged to peruse in Stanley's or Enfield's History of Philosophy: and by way of giving a poetical effect to such entertaining subjects, Mr. Moore frequently takes an opportunity of throwing in the word *all*; as "Odour "*all* as bland."—"The pure sun, which though "refracted *all* into a thousand hues," &c. &c.

We cannot compliment him upon his epistle to Lady Charlotte Rawdon; indeed the Spirit's song which is introduced in it, appears to us to be one of the most perfect instances of namby-pamby that modern taste. certainly the most genial soil for such productions, has ever brought forth.

The address to the Boston Frigate contains some lines of much feeling; the stanzas beginning "Never mind how the pedagogue proses," are very gay and pretty; and there is some whim in the doggrel rhymes which conclude the volume.

After the general statement with which we commenced our review of Mr. Moore's poems, and the minute and individual criticisms which we have ventured to pronounce, any recapitulation of his merits would now be totally superfluous: but we cannot conclude this article without making some apology for its extraordinary length. Those who have perused our work will however have the kindness to recollect, that we do not give a review on the usual plan, but rather an analytical sketch of the most interesting publications; that in order to afford our readers an opportunity of deciding for themselves upon the merits of an author, it is requisite for us to give extracts; and that in the examination of a volume where every string of forty or fifty lines makes a separate poem, the extracts are necessarily numerous, because one piece affords no criterion by which its neighbour may be judged. HORATIUS.

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE HYMN OF CRATES,

THE DISCIPLE OF DIOGENES, TO THE MUSES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,

BY MR. TAYLOR, THE PLATONIST.

FAM'D offspring of Mnemosyne, and Jove
Who reigns exalted in the realms above,
Pierian Muses hear my suppliant prayer,
Constant afford me necessary fare,
And O bestow it free from servile care.
That food which forms a frugal life supply,
Useful to friends,—— a luscious life deny.
Of wealth renown'd, I feel no wish nor want;
The beetle's bliss, the riches of the ant.
But grant that justice may my life adorn,
And wealth innoxious, easy to be borne,
Procur'd with readiness; to virtuous deeds,
Renown'd and noble only, as it leads.
The Muses chaste, and Hermes, blest with these,
With holy virtues, not with idle cost I'll please.

TO MY HUSBAND.

"Oh Dio! Chi sa se mai
Ti sopverrai di me!" METASTASIO.

When these lips are pale and cold
Which on thine have often told,
While our souls dissolv'd in blisses,
A thousand and a thousand kisses;
When those eyes thou oft hast prais'd,
While on thee they fondly gaz'd,
Clos'd, for ever clos'd in night,
Lose their blue and sparkling light;
When that warm and throbbing breast
Which to thine has oft been prest,
While every fibre of our frames
Glow'd and thrill'd with subtile flames,
Throbs no more in wildest measure,
For ever torn from love and pleasure;
O say! within thy bosom's swell,
O say what feelings then shall dwell?
Say will thy heart in widow'd woe
A second sovereign scorn to know;
Or, when I sleep in kindred dust,
To all its vows to me unjust,
All, all forget, the tender glance,
The close embrace, the speechless trance,
The murmur'd sounds, the raptur'd sighs—
Say, shall it rend its sacred ties,
And let another dare profane
The throne where I was wont to reign?

Δ.

WRITTEN UPON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF A FRIEND OF THE YELLOW FEVER, SOON AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN THE WEST INDIES, AND JUST AFTER THE NATION HAD LOST HER HERO OF TRAFALGAR.

O say, my heart, if yet untried remain
One chord that vibrates to the touch of pain?
One spring that has not yet been doom'd to know
The rough, rude pressure of domestic woe?
And must I now from public anguish turn
(A Nation weeping o'er her NELSON's urn),
To shed for private woe, the softer tear
That falls, alas! o'er friendship's hallow'd bier?
See Fancy, pointing o'er th' Atlantic wave,
Strews her moist flow'rets on Affection's grave!
Gives to the wild sod all her sacred hues,
Her richest blossoms, and her gentlest dews;
And as with pensive step she lingers there,
Blends their chaste tints with emblematic care;
And hanging bids their drooping beauties tell,
"Ah! thus Eugenio bloom'd—and thus he fell!"
When faint and sunk beneath the fever'd hour,
Thy wasting frame confest its raging pow'r:
No mother's care sustain'd thy aching brows,
Or sooth'd thy sinking spirit to repose;
No sister's anxious hand thy pillow prest,
Or mark'd the throbbings of thy burning breast;
Wip'd from thy quiv'ring lips the dews of death,
Or caught with list'ning ear thy fault'ring breath.
None, none stood by—except the Pow'r Divine!
Sweet Sympathy! whose glories brightly shine,
And softly trembling o'er th' Atlantic wave,
*Gild the rude features of th' untutor'd slave.
By Sympathy, in dear compassion led,
The Indian female kindly seeks thy bed;
There, as she patient sits with watchful care,
She bends to catch thy last—thy parting pray'r;
That parting pray'r the fault'ring blessing gives,
Whilst her rude deity thy shade receives.
And haply she around thy lowly tomb,
With cultur'd care may bid some wild flow'rs bloom,
And there, in kind distinction as they wave,
To her dark sisters point the "Stranger's grave."
Or oft as Morning's fresh'ning gales return,
May twine rich roses round thy dewy urn:
These as they fade beneath th' oppressive ray,
With recollection's bursting sigh may say,
"Ah! brief like thine, was Youth's, was pleasure's day."
Here then let Britain's polish'd children turn,
And here, Humanity, thy lesson learn,
From the rude Indian, on whose heart imprest
The holiest, purest precepts stand confest:
Tho' on his cheek in rich suffusion glow
No mantling tints, that nature's impulse show;
She gives them trembling to the heart; and there
Wakes the warm impulse, ardent as sincere.
O! let not then her happier sons disdain
One link in Being's bright connecting chain:
That golden chain, which, falling from above,
Forms the great band of "Universal Love;"
And in its sacred circle sweetly ties
The secret pow'r of Social sympathies,
Which beating in the heart, from pole to pole
Unites o'er trackless climes the sister Soul;
And, faithful still to Nature's first great plan,
Hails in each kindred heart the brother and the man!
Ah! lov'd Eugenio! round thy distant urn,
With me whilst all the weeping Virtues mourn,
The sigh that steals across the western wave,
The tear that trembles o'er thy lonely grave,
To thy pure shade, in happier realms may rise,
And meet the Angel in his native skies.

M. C.

* The Indian females are remarkable for their attention to European strangers, and had during the whole of his dreadful malady nursed the sufferer with the most affectionate care.

A REFLECTION.

Alas, how brief is mortal prime!
Yon' tree still vig'rous, green, and gay,
This hand, now paralys'd by time,
Plac'd in the earth a tender spray!

Our boasted labours, all how vain,
That half our span of life employ!
The house we build, the wealth we gain,
Is for another to enjoy.

Then why should Care disturb the breast,
For what a future year may give?
A future year may lull to rest
Ev'n those for whom we wish to live.

S. C.

PROLOGUE TO THE NEW PLAY OF ADRIAN AND ORRILA; OR, A MOTHER'S VENGEANCE. WRITTEN BY LUMLEY ST. GEORGE SKEFFINGTON, ESQ. SPOKEN BY MR. BRUNTON.

Long has the Stage determin'd to impart
Such scenes alone as meliorate the heart,
Barr'd from all avenues, with rigid sway,
Plots which corrupt, and maxims that betray.
With elevation now, the alter'd muse
That praise rejects, which virtue should refuse:
In fancy's rose no vivid colour sees,
Unless that vividness that Just can please;
In wit's gay brilliant owns no sparkling gem,
Unless allow'd as brilliancy by them;
Proud of no praise, of no distinction vain,
Unless distinguish'd in the moral train,
Celebrity she holds as disrepute,
And scorns all laurel from a shameful root!
Licentious follies rarely intervene,
And truth and sense and honour claim the scene!
When Love's distress shall in our story rise,
Let sighs break forth—for those are Nature's *sighs*.
When persecuted Worth in grief appears,
Be proud to weep—for those are Virtue's *tears*.
But to our author: Each dramatic bard
Solicits, but in vain, a long regard;
Form'd to attract the fashion of the day,
They, like that fashion, swiftly pass away.
They gain, at most, employ'd in such a cause,
Uncertain honour, fugitive applause!—
Now hopes, now fears, his anxious heart compose,
Half sunk by these, and just upheld by those;
For in our days, when envy smiles to sting,
Grief follows joy, and praises censure bring.
Then wits and heroes, and the critic few,
Here let me pass, and, ladies, plead to *you*;
You, for whose favour ev'ry wit is bright,
All critics comment, and all heroes fight!
Protection from the fair at once conveys
Ample renown, consolidated praise;
For truth acknowledges, in nature's name,
The *smiles* of Beauty are the *wreaths* of Fame!
Urg'd still by them, by their reward impress'd,
Each noble passion animates the breast;
They form the heart to ev'ry aim refin'd,
Exalt, delight, and dignify mankind!

EPILOGUE TO ADRIAN AND ORRILA, AS SPOKEN BY MRS. MATTOCKS AND MISS BRUNTON. WRITTEN BY WALSH PORTER, ESQ.

Enter Mrs. Mattocks.

Now one confusion thro' the Realm is found,
And noise and clamour ev'ry where abound,
And ev'ry *Freeman* feels his conscious weight,
And *Joan* herself is a *my Lady* great;
I come to *canvass* you—Box, Gallery, and Pit,
For *you* return *our* Parliament of *Wit;*
While here, in *Covent Garden,* still a *hustings* stands,
And *Sheriff Mattocks* asks—a *shew of hands,*
For a young Candidate (tho' not *untried*),
But in whose *gratitude* you may confide;
Who vows and swears, return him *due elected,*
Your rights, your laws, shall ever be respected;
In short, he *promises*—but who minds that?
All Members *promise*—therefore *verbum sat.*
I'll to my *canvass* then—What shall I say?
"Your *votes and interest,* kind Electors, pray."
(*Bows.*)
Let him but *head the Poll* this night, and I'll be bound,
No farther opposition will be found;
For in this town, we know, nine-tenths (the elves)
Ne'er take the pains of *voting* for themselves.
First, then, *accept* my—no, I mustn't so *begin,*
I mustn't *bribe,* your suffrages to win.
First, with the *young* men then my luck I'll try,
(I always pity *young* men, they're so *shy*)
Sweet modest youth—Hey! what is this I see?

Enter Miss Brunton *running.*

Miss Brunton.

Nay, leave the *young* men, Governess, to *me.*

Mrs. Mattocks.

What, interrupted? Shall I *not be heard?*

Miss Brunton.

I mean no interruption, on my word;
But merely think *I'd* plead with greater truth
To *youthful* heart, the *cause* of kindred youth.

Mrs. Mattocks.

Indeed, *Miss Frate-a-pace!*—then pray pass on;
I trust each vote already here's *my own,*
Unless you'd wish our *votes to split*—

Miss Brunton.

Agreed—
I care not *how,* provided we succeed.

MRS. MATTOCKS.

Take then the *young ones*, forward fellows bold,
(Not that I ever *tried* them—but am *told*)
And on the score of *long acquaintance*, mine's the *old*,
Kind friends, who've all (like *me*) been YOUNG, in turn.

MISS BRUNTON.

Ye *Youth*, whose breasts with love and ardour burn,
Give him your interest, cherish rising merit.

MRS. MATTOCKS.

(To stand a canvass *now*, requires *some* spirit),
And as the Poet says, "You Freemen little know
"The *rubs* the Candidate must undergo."

MISS BRUNTON.

He would have *waited on you* here this night,
But he's so timid——

MRS. MATTOCKS.

——— Lard! he's in a fright.

MISS BRUNTON.

Let us then *hope*, divested of controul,

MRS. MATTOCKS.

(We only trust you'll not demand a *poll*)
But do it handsomely, and give him *plumpers*.

MISS BRUNTON.

His thanks WE'LL HERE proclaim, each night, in *bumpers*.
True to yourselves, yet free from disaffection,
You'll thus assert YOUR *freedom of election*;

MRS. MATTOCKS.

While "*Posts*" and "*Chronicles*" shall Herald him to-morrow,
"*Duly return'd* for COVENT-GARDEN BO-"ROUGH."

FINE ARTS.

THE aids which Sculpture and Painting successively furnished in support of Idolatry and Superstition, were attended by a rapid improvement in the practice of those arts, till their efforts reached nearly the highest point of possible excellence. However, as the dawnings of holy truth suspended the advancement of the one, so the fanatic zeal of reformation, praise-worthy in its first pursuits, damped, if it did not totally extinguish, the spirit which had improved the other. The rigid notions of Calvin and Luther, prohibited the introduction of pictures into the temples of public worship, and the over-strained enthusiasm of many of their followers, in different countries, led to the destruction of many already so placed. Thus the splendid efforts, which genius, exalted by religious ardour, had long continued to make, were gradually paralysed, and admiring generations, from that time, have never ceased to regret that the establishment of truth on the ruins of Idolatry, should have involved the degradation of the most dignified, as well as the most difficult, Art, which the mind of man ever invented.

There is also another view which must be taken of the Fine Arts, in their influence on the public mind. The ancients employed the best sculptors of the time, to immortalize the persons and the actions of their worthies; and the enlightened inhabitants of Britain, not deeming it wise to connect the arts of imitation with their acts of devotion, have sought for a motive sufficiently powerful, to stimulate the professors to excellence, in employing them to record and commemorate the long list of British triumphs. The works which were executed for this purpose, however successful, were, notwithstanding, confined in their influence, because the display of them seldom extended beyond the metropolis; and hence, no doubt, the art of Engraving was called in, to multiply at a small expence, tho' in an inferior manner, such performances as the national school of painting might be found able to produce. Yet in spite of these endeavours the arts of Painting and Sculpture are confessedly in a low state amongst us; in some respects, perhaps, lower than amongst any other of the civilized nations of Europe. The preceding remarks will serve in a great measure to account for this misfortune, and we shall make it an object of future inquiry and discussion, whether the exercise of Engraving, as it has been exercised, may not have contributed its share to this depression.

But there is one further point of view, the most important of all, in which it is our duty, and the duty of every Englishman, to consider the Fine Arts,—it is in their connection with our manufactures and our commerce. That the latter are the chief sources of our national wealth, of our national strength, of our independence, and of our security, cannot be doubted; nor will it require arguments to prove, that the superior elegance given to our various manufactures by the extended cultivation of the Fine Arts, has long given us that preference of sale for our va-

rious fabrications, which draws to our shores a great part of the treasures of every other country. The present ruler of the French people, fully aware of this truth, and anxious to rival or destroy us, has collected, from various parts of the continent, the finest specimens of imitative art, which have been judiciously arranged, and made accessible without fee or restriction to any one desirous of studying them. Nor has his restless inveteracy against the prosperity of Britain, stopped at this single establishment in the metropolis: the surplus of pictures and statues brought home by his plunderers, has been distributed to the principal cities and towns throughout France, for the purpose of raising provincial schools of art.

The serious consideration of these circumstances, will point out to us the line of our duty with regard to the Fine Arts; nor ought it to be supposed that Englishmen will do less from love to their envied country, than a persevering adversary has done from hatred to it.

Thus then it is a patriotic duty, to adopt every possible means of carrying the imitative arts in Britain to the highest state of improvement. The founders of the British Institution have wisely and professedly viewed the subject in this way, and the noble exertions they have made to accomplish their intention, justly entitle them to claim, and will no doubt secure to them, the gratitude of the present generation, and of posterity. They have not only made the most judicious arrangement for selling the works of British artists, which sales they generously take upon themselves to manage, but they procure the most valuable specimens of foreign art for a time, which are placed in their gallery to be studied and copied by any artist to whom such studies may be desirable. Great benefit must necessarily result to our school of painting from these liberal aids, and the effects of it will be felt, though remotely, in our various manufactures, where taste may be required to display the attractions of those manufactures; but the immediate advantages must, from the nature of things, be, for a long time, confined to the capital, while the provinces languish for want of those aids, which, if expedited to them, would invigorate and cherish all their exertions. For this purpose an establishment is wanting, the duty of which should be to trace out a mode of communication between the higher branches of Painting and Design, and the imitative attempts of the manufacturer and the mechanic. It will be our endeavour hereafter, to offer some hints for such a plan, in the anxious hope that the patriotic feelings of our countrymen will find means to put them into prompt execution.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE THEATRE.

THE difficulties of producing a periodical work are so many and so great, that it is necessary for us to write our critiques and sum up our intelligence three or four days before the publication of the Magazine. We, therefore, begin where we left off in the last number, so as to embrace the theatrical events of the four earliest weeks of November, and those also of that part of October which the hurry of the press compelled us to defer. In every future Magazine we shall take a similar retrospect.

Drury Lane could boast of little novelty till the production of the *Vindictive Man*, on which we shall have occasion hereafter to observe. The only remarkable piece of acting that has appeared at that theatre, since the composition of our last remarks, is the *George Barnwell* of Mr. Elliston. This performance, we are sorry to observe, creates an exception to our general approbation of that gentleman, and we regret that he should have selected a character to which his figure, countenance, and style of acting, appear to be so little adapted. Mr. Elliston's figure moves chiefly after the manner of the old school, from the hips, and not with the knees; which habit gives an easy assurance by no means suitable to the retiring attitude and boyish action which we expect from *Barnwell*. His countenance, though unquestionably youthful enough for what are called the *young men of comedy*, bears too manly a stamp for the unformed lad: while his full tone, and *jointed* utterance, preclude the simplicity of cadence which is natural to a very young person. Mr. Elliston has a trick, if we might be allowed such an expression, of stopping in the middle of a word to change horses—that is to say, he arranges his pauses with so little judgment, that his breath and power of continuance desert him before he arrives at the proper stop, and occasion a catch somewhat resembling that

of the paviours when they let fall a ponderous rammer upon the flints of the street. However, in the scene where *Milwood* consigns him to the officers of justice, he was extremely impassioned and affecting. Mrs. Powell, we think, is the best *Milwood* upon the stage: her powerful voice and her strong feeling are peculiarly adapted to the representation of a character which at first excites indignation and concludes by extorting our pity.

At Covent Garden the *Beggars' Opera* has been frequently repeated: and Miss Bolton, of whose interesting person and promising abilities we had occasion to speak in our last number, improved on every representation of *Polly*. She has totally changed her style of singing "*Cease your funning*," and we think to great advantage: but there is one passage in which she forgets the character of *Polly*, raises her tone, and approaches too near to the temper of *Lucy*: we mean the retort in which *Polly* declares her determination to remain in the prison with *Macheath* notwithstanding the forward airs of the gaoler's daughter; this retort should not be a violent burst of rage, but a proper remonstrance of displeasure. In this single instance do we find any thing for which to blame Miss Bolton: and it is extremely surprising that she, who never appeared on any theatre till she came forward at Covent Garden, should enter so completely as she does into the nature and feeling of her character. For instance, when *Lucy* slaps *Macheath*, the sudden start with which Miss Bolton steps towards her rival, as if about to avenge the insult offered to her husband, is peculiarly natural and well judged. Such minute traits, which are not observed by the generality of the audience, are the criteria, by which those who have studied nature, and know how to judge of its imitation, are enabled to form their opinion of a performer's future progress. It is always unsafe to speak prophetically—but when we see these little touches of genius, we cannot help forming a favourable augury.

Let us now say a few words of her *Rosetta*, in *Love in a Village*. *Love in a Village* is one of the operas that are called classical and chaste—and, indeed, it does possess a great charm in comparison of some of our modern operas—but we think it has been by far too highly estimated, and that, independently of its music, it has little merit but that of exhibiting a tolerably correct picture of country manners. Those manners are now completely changed, and *Love in a Village* will always be valuable as a record of past times, a dramatic history of the state of society and manners among our grandfathers; but probability of plot, eccentricity of character, or sallies of wit, will long be vainly sought throughout its scenes. Indeed, that part of this classical and *chaste* opera, which is meant to be witty, contains as obscene passages as any *chaste* auditor would wish to hear; with the exception, indeed, of the character of *Sir William Meadows*, whose only humour consists in repeating the words, "*partly*," and "*may I never do an ill turn but*," &c. Such jokes as these would damn a comedy of Dibdin's: why should they be called chaste and classical in an opera of Bickerstaff? The cant of the critics, who admire nothing but what is ancient, the "*laudatores temporis acti*," is full as disgusting as the nonsense of which modern authors are accused.

It was originally intended that Miss Bolton should make her first appearance in *Rosetta*; but upon better consideration, the part of *Polly* was preferred. Indeed, the difference between the characters of *Polly* and *Rosetta*, is great, and the advantage of the former infinite. *Polly* is an interesting gentle girl, alone amiable amidst a thousand profligates; but *Rosetta*, among people who are simple, artless, and unsuspecting, is comparatively a person of coquettish trick, and deep design. Miss Bolton had unquestionably made vast improvement in the science of acting on the first night of her appearance in *Rosetta*, and if *Love in a Village* did not run so many nights as the *Beggars' Opera*, it is to be attributed rather to the inferiority of structure in the play, than to the want of power in the performers. However, we do not think Miss Bolton so fortunate in the songs of *Rosetta* as in those of *Polly*; and, indeed, for every young actress the simple and interesting air must always be preferable to the bravura: yet she sang the *Traveller Benighted* in a charming style, and was encored in it on each evening. There is one most important point to which we cannot help wishing Miss Bolton would attend: we mean clearness of articulation in singing. Her voice is probably not yet accustomed to the effort necessary for filling a large theatre: but if she would sometimes raise her tone with a little more strength, which at other times she contrives to do, and remember always to *articulate peculiarly the last consonants of each word*, she would no doubt be as completely audible in the little songs of *Rosetta* as she is in the duet of "*Over the hills and far away*." Singers in general are apt to pass in a slovenly manner over their consonants, because the vowels being pronounced with the mouth open are more easily manœuvred: but though they may now and then produce by this inaccuracy a note of parti-

cular power, and save, in almost every difficult passage, a great deal of trouble to themselves; nay, though there are some *connoisseurs* who do not regard the intelligibility of the words, if they are but regaled with sweetness and science in the music; yet it is not they, but *the generality of the audience*, to whom a singer as well as an actor must look for popularity: and the generality of the audience are not to be pleased, unless they know something of what is going forward. They are not parties to the music, because they do not understand it: and if they are not parties to the sense either, to what are they parties, or what business have they there? It has almost uniformly happened that the most favourite singers have been those who have most attended to articulation—we may instance Braham, Mrs. Bland, Miss Tyrer, and, perhaps, Incledon. Even to perfect *connoisseurs*, the music without the words is much the same thing as a solo upon the piano-forte. We have been induced to speak particularly at large on this head, because we think it of the most general importance: and we cannot too often repeat that the whole secret lies in placing somewhat of *stress on the last consonants of each word*. It is by this practice that Mr. Kemble and Mr. Cooke have attained so perfect an articulation.

Mr. Bellamy's *Hawthorn* possesses much merit; he plays the part in a pleasant, easy, rolling style. Incledon sang some of the songs in *Young Meadows* with great sweetness: Emery was most ludicrously natural in *Hodge:* and Miss Tyrer, though she made rather too tragic a use of her arms, was extremely diverting: the song, "*Oh the silly fool,*" is in her best manner. But the most entertaining performance was Munden's *Justice Woodcock:* and the four variations with which he gave a part of the song, "*When I followed a lass,*" had all that irresistible drollery, and all that nature, even in the midst of caricature, which have made him so deserved a favourite of the town.

On the 3d of November was acted the Tragedy of *Coriolanus*, altered from Shakspeare. In this play Mr. Kemble appeared in all his glory; the Roman manliness of his face and figure, the haughty dignity of his carriage, and the fire of his eye, conspired to render his *Coriolanus* one of the most striking performances that was ever exhibited upon the stage. It is thought by many, that this is Mr. Kemble's *chef d'œuvre:* where several master-pieces are exhibited, it is difficult to select one that shall be considered as best; but we cannot, for ourselves, prefer his *Coriolanus*, to his *Pierre*, to his *Penruddock*, to his *Octavian*, or to his *Hotspur*. We will not speak of his performance on the first night; because we thought that, whether through some physical cause, or through the idea that much was expected from him, or wherefore we know not, he rather over-acted the part on that evening. We will rather speak of his performance on the 18th of the month; because a review of that night's entertainment will give us an opportunity of mentioning the unwarrantable insult that was then offered to the theatrical profession. Throughout the character of *Coriolanus* Mr. Kemble was uniformly great—there was no husbanding of the breath and strength, to produce a great effect at last, and leave the early portion of the play flat and insipid: no tameness on the one hand, nor unnecessary rant upon the other. Perhaps the excellences most prominent were displayed in the canvassing of the people, the remonstrance with *Volumnia*, and the quarrel with *Tullus Aufidius*. In that quarrel Mr. Kemble used at first to give *Tullus* an insulting tap with his finger, which we are happy to state that he has now discontinued: for such an action would be neither suitable to the dignity of *Coriolanus*, nor tolerable to the spirit of *Tullus*. There is one piece of pomp and pride which we think Mr. Kemble might dispense with—namely, the throwing away his shield, after the battle, to be carried by one of the leaders: would a Roman commanding officer have carried the shield of another general? *Coriolanus* could hardly have ventured on so arrogant a proceeding.

The mode in which Mr. Kemble pronounces the word *Coriolanus*, has, from his authority, become generally prevalent. He throws his accent on the second syllable of this derivative word *Coriolanus*, because the accent rests upon the second syllable in the primitive word, *Corioli:* but the accenting of one vowel preceding another, as *io*, is contrary to all analogy, and in the word *Coriolanus* is by no means necessary. The name of the town, perhaps, cannot be pronounced otherwise than *Cŏrĭŏli*, because the accent cannot be conveniently suspended till the last syllable which is long, and the first and third being by authority short, allow it no resting place on themselves; in these cases, even though the rules of analogy in general forbid such an accentuation, it is the custom to place the stress upon the former of two vowels, as in the English word, *diaper*, where, properly speaking, all the syllables are short, but as the voice must have a rest, that rest is thrown rather on the first vowel than on any other syllable. But in the word *Coriolanus* there is no necessity for throwing a strong accent upon any short quantity, because the greater length of the word makes the re-

lative position of the syllables very different from that in which they stand in the word *Corioli*. We now obtain a rest in the middle of our word, on the syllable *la*, which is naturally long, and can without any inconvenience of articulation slur the three first syllables and say, *Cŏrĭŏlānus*, Upon the same principle we are taught, at school, to say *sobrĭĕtas*—but when in the genitive the augment takes place, we may say *sobrĭĕtātis*, as if it were *sobryetatis*. When we speak of slurring the first syllable, we mean, that it should not be drawled into *Cowriolanus*, but pronounced short and quick, *Corriolanus*. This pronunciation, which can be desc be upon paper only by reduplication of the consonant, as *Corriolanus*, does not, perhaps, seem short to an English ear, but is perpetually employed in Latin and Greek words to denote a short syllable: as βορα, *bora*, *food*, pronounced, *borra*—*abacus*, a writing-desk, pronounced *abbacus*. In other instances, the alteration of *subsequent* syllables from short to long, though without any increase in the number of those subsequent syllables, will have an effect in changing the sound of *foregoing* syllables: so we say, in English, *vărĭĕty* in one case, and *vărĭā̆tion* in another. We know that the opinions of scholars are very much divided on this point: but from a consideration of the foregoing arguments we are inclined to favour the pronunciation, *Cŏrĭŏlānus*. Mr. Kemble has another peculiarity which, however, we have not the smallest hesitation in condemning: we mean the sounding of the long final *i* in *Corĭŏlī* as if it were a short *y*, *Corĭŏly*. This is not the Italian, nor the English, nor the *collegiate* sound of the etter: and we are surprised that so accomplished a scholar as Mr. Kemble should allow himself so very feminine a pronunciation. But these are little particularities hardly worthy of notice—we should class Mr Kemble's *Coriolanus* among the most perfect performances of the stage, even though these errors were trebled.

Mrs. Siddons, in *Volumnia*, was all that could be wished, and more than could be expected—from any other actress. But when is it otherwise? Munden's *Menenius* deserves our panegyric, though he now begins to be a little too broad in his humour. At first he preserved a happier course between patrician dignity and low comedy Pope, in *Tullus Aufidius*, has not answered our hopes: he employs, as usual, rather too much whining.

The dresses and spectacle, particularly the ovation in the second act, are classical and beautiful beyond description; and the performance still continues to attract crowded houses, and excite the most rapturous applauses.

During the performance of the last act of this play, on the 16th of the month, a large orange was thrown upon the stage and fell at the feet of Mrs. Siddons. This unprovoked attack excited the warmest indignation of the audience, and Mr. Kemble came forward to demand their protection, offering a hundred guineas, on the part of the proprietors, to any one that should disclose the ruffian who had committed the insult. Many voices from all parts of the house exerted themselves to obtain a hearing: and at last it was explained, though we believe untruly, that the orange had been aimed at a Cyprian, who was making some disturbance in the upper boxes, and that it was by mere accident it had fallen upon the stage. Mr. Kemble either was, or prudently pretended to be satisfied with this apology: a person from the gallery requested that some steps might be taken for the regulation of the votaries of Venus: and Mr. Kemble, in a good humoured way, assured him that every possible means should be taken to keep them in order. We wish most earnestly, for the sake of the respectability of the stage, the tranquillity of the house, and the morals of society, that some bounds could be set to the excesses of these women. Actors, the ornaments of their profession and the supporters of the national taste, are grossly insulted by dissolute girls and their silly drunken paramours: the genteel and respectable part of the audience are interrupted in a rational enjoyment by the confusion which these creatures excite: and the eyes of modest women in the passages and lobbies are outraged by the indecent liberties and naked limbs of disgusting prostitutes. We were happy to find that Mr. Kemble took proper notice of the affront that was offered to the profession and to the public; and we hope he will follow up that notice by active measures for the removal of the nuisance.

In treating of *Coriolanus* we have brought our notice down to the latest date, in order to avoid separate observations on different evenings of the same performance; but we must now go backward, and speak of the Opera which made its appearance on Saturday the 15th.

This Play, which is entitled *Adrian and Orrila*, or *A Mother's Vengeance*, is the production of Mr. Dimond, Jun. who wrote *The Hero of the North*, *The Hunter of the Alps*, &c.

The principal *Dramatis Personæ* are as follows:

The Prince of Altenburg,	Mr. Cooke.
Count Rosenheim - - - - -	Mr. Munden.
Adrian - - - - - - - - -	Mr. C. Kemble.
Michael - - - - - - - - -	Mr. Liston.
Lothaire - - - - - - - - -	Mrs. C. Kemble.

Matilda Clermont - - - - Miss Smith.
Orrila - - - - - - - - - - Miss Brunton.
Githa - - - - - - - - - - Mrs. Mattocks.

Matilda, with the infant *Adrian*, settled at Rosenheim, while *Orrila*, the daughter of the Count, was yet in her earliest childhood. The young persons grew up together, and conceived a mutual atrachment, which was not discouraged by *Githa* the gouvernante of *Orrila*. The play opens at the return of *Count Rosenheim*, after some years, who brings with him the *Prince of Altenburg* as a suitor to *Orrila*. *Matilda* hearing of the arrival of *Altenburg*, hastens, with looks of distraction, and mysterious imprecations on the Prince, to beseech *Adrian*, by all the ties of filial affection, to fly with her at once from *Rosenheim*. He is anxious to know the motive of her wish, and, agonized at the thought of quitting *Orrila*, but piety prevails and he consents to depart. By the assistance of *Lothaire* he contrives a meetng with *Orrila*, whom he persuades to share his flight. Every thing is arranged for their journey; but in the mean time *Adrian*, at the hazard of his own life, saves that of *Altenburg*, whose horse has taken fright at the ugly and comical face of *Michael*. *Altenburg* overwhelms his deliverer with thanks, and offers of service, and reveals his name and rank. *Adrian* remembers his mother's mysterious words, and flies from him. *Altenburg* discovers his residence, and requests an explanation from *Matilda*, who, veiled and deeply agitated, makes him no reply, and he retires unsatisfied. *Matilda* and the lovers escape in the evening, but are betrayed and overtaken. *Adrian* is cast into a dungeon and menaced with death; *Matilda* comes to *Count Rosenheim* to entreat his pardon for the youth; and, while she is urging her unavailing petition, *Altenburg* enters, and requests a boon of *Count Rosenheim*. The Count promises to grant whatever he requires, and *Altenburg* demands the pardon of *Adrian*. *Matilda* is overcome by her feelings, and unveiling herself falls at the feet of *Altenburg*. As soon as she is a little recovered, she relates her story. *Altenburg* in early youth seduced her and afterwards married another. She fled with her infant: the infant died, and the mother was for a time deprived of reason. When her intellect returned, she resolved on taking an exemplary vengeance: she accordingly stole the legitimate child of *Altenburg*, threw the baby's hat and mantle on the water to occasion a belief that it had been drowned, and educated the child as her own. When the story is ended, *Altenburg* gives up his intention of marrying *Orrila*, and offers his hand to *Matilda*. *Adrian* and *Orrila* are united, and the piece concludes.

Of this Opera we cannot speak in terms of high panegyric. On the first night it was infinitely too long: and indeed what could one hope from an opera in *five* acts? The precedent for these newfangled dramas is the *Travellers*; a precedent, which is in no one respect worth copying. But Mr. Dimond has much curtailed his opera since the first night; and its principal fault now is its dullness. The scene in which *Altenburg* visits *Matilda* is certainly interesting; and the story at the conclusion of the play is not ill told; but it does not argue much for the genius of an author that his best scene is dumb show, and his next best narrative. Narrative in general is tedious: and if this narrative appeared *less tedious than in other cases*, it was only because the surrounding matter is *more tedious than in other cases*. What sort of character is that of *Matilda*? who wearies the audience by repentant agonies and paroxysms for the theft of a child, calls heaven to view and alleviate the misery she suffers from that theft, and yet continues to keep the child who is the cause of all this uneasiness. Indeed, from a great part of the character of *Matilda* we are induced to think her not penitent, but insane. The dialogue is very heavy, and interspersed with a vast number of florid descriptions in the boarding school style, full of violets, dews, and meadows. Does Mr. Dimond think it nature for a man in the middle of a conversation to stop and enter into a long history about birds and rivulets? Or does he think it possible for an audience to comprehend such figures of rhetoric as

"*A draught of sun-beams steep'd in dew?*"

The scenery is not all new, but it is most of it pretty: and the music, which is composed by several masters, is not below mediocrity.

It is but fair to state, that on the first night, Mr. Dimond was extremely injured by a principal performer. While Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kemble and Mrs. Mattocks were exerting themselves with indefatigable zeal and success for the benefit of the piece, Mr. Cooke was scarcely in a condition to stand before the audience. He had been visited with a return of his old indisposition, and was transposing sentences and omitting passages to the great confusion of the audience, and interruption of Miss Smith, whose pantomime was extremely good, and but for Mr. Cooke's misconduct, must have been very effective. Mr. Cooke seems by this time to have lost all sense of shame; and we are much surprised that any author should ever think it worth his while to *write* parts for a man who does not think it worth his while to *act* them. It is but a twelvemonth since Mr. Kemble, at forty hours notice, played

Mr. Cooke's part in the new comedy of the *Delinquent*, because Mr. Cooke had never attended a single rehearsal. We should be inclined to exclaim, "Will the public bear this conduct much longer," if we did not know that after one of his former bouts the same exclamation was made, and Mr. Cooke, in his own significant manner, observed, that "*after that they would bear any thing.*"

On the 18th, the farce of the *Flitch of Bacon* was revived for the purpose of introducing Miss Bolton as *Eliza Greville*. We had here a new opportunity of admiring this interesting girl, who discovered as much sprightliness and *naïveté* in *Eliza* as she did sweetness and simplicity in *Polly*. But she may improve herself considerably in her style of dress. Both in *Eliza* and in *Rosetta* she wore unbecoming hats, and her hair combed over her forehead. Incledon in *Captain Greville* sang with his usual excellence, and was very well dressed, which with him is not a *usual excellence*. Bellamy played *Captain Wilson*, and acquitted himself with much credit; and when to these vocal talents were added the comic powers of Munden and Fawcett, the farce went off with as much eclat as could be expected from an audience fretted and confused by the disturbances of the *Orangists*.

At Drury-lane on the 20th appeared a comedy called the *Vindictive Man*, from the pen of Mr. Holcroft. In this play, among other dangerous matter, appeared another *Goldfinch*, a continuation of Mr. Holcroft's original idea in the *Road to Ruin*. This young gentleman, with a lady of easy virtue, executed several manœuvres, which were by no means relished by the audience. In this piece appeared also a farmer, who because he was a farmer, must needs be made a fool, as if rustic and idiot were synonymous terms. There was a vindictive man who bore an irreconcilable enmity to his brother, because the latter had once struck him; a country girl, whose conscience forbade her to accept a fortune that was left her by an aunt, because the aunt appeared to have committed a *faux pas* in order to obtain it; and a gentleman who suffered himself to be thrown into jail that he might employ ten thousand pounds in delivering from a prison the brother of his greatest enemy. These characters may all be very natural; but they seem to us to be very extravagant. Now where there is a good deal of extravagance we are apt to expect a good deal of interest. But such expectations are by no means gratified in this play. There certainly is some strong writing in several scenes, but there are other dialogues so very flat and incomprehensible, not to say disgusting and silly, that we are not surprised at the unhappy fate of the piece. The fact is, that the English are quite tired of the German school, and are no longer willing to admit absurdity, even though it be now and then relieved by strong excitations; and as this piece contains many of the German faults, and few of the German beauties, the audience attacked it with great asperity, and it fell a victim to the hisses and clamours of a crowded house. But because the theatre had produced nothing new since the beginning of the season, and wished of course for a comedy to run in conjunction with *Tekeli*, a violent attempt was made by the managers to revive the murdered drama on the following night. But this theatrical galvanism did not succeed, and as act after act grew more and more displeasing on the second performance, the comedy at last fell a lingering prey to the vengeance of a few straggling spectators, amounting perhaps to three hundred, or three hundred and fifty. It was for the most part, however, extremely well acted; Mr. Elliston appeared to very great advantage in the *Vindictive Man*, particularly in the scene with Mr. Henry Siddons, who personated a young officer with much spirit and pathos. Mr. Siddons however is not sufficiently attentive to costume: he wore a dress that was intended for the uniform of a naval officer: but two gold epaulettes upon an unlaced blue metal-buttoned coat do not look like a naval dress, nor indeed like any other dress that was ever seen off the stage. Mrs. Henry Siddons played the daughter of the *Vindictive Man*, and was, as she almost always is, very interesting and natural: we think the simple style of genteel comedy is her forte. Miss Duncan had a part very inadequate to her merits: but she did as much as could be done with it. Principal actresses should not be put into insignificant characters: they should never appear, except, as Henry the Fourth expresses it, "like comets, to be wondered at." Perhaps the effect of the play was somewhat injured by the gaiety of the prologue, which had some broad humour, and was too merry for the heavy play that followed it. The epilogue also had some broad humour, we think rather too broad: it was not spoken on the second evening.

At Covent Garden, on the same night, was performed the Tragedy of *Douglas*: a play which, like those of the present time, was most severely mauled by the periodical publications of its day, but which, in spite of the bigotry of Scottish priests and the formidable attack of the Monthly Review, then the oracle of literature, has reached and maintained a very exalted rank, as an interesting play and a beautiful poem. It was admi-

rably acted. To speak of Mrs. Siddons is always to speak of excellence, and *Lady Randolph* has long been considered as one of her most perfect performances. The sight of such acting as hers affords that pure and refined satisfaction which the mind always feels when conscious that its enjoyments are worthy of human reason: we go away delighted, and we applaud our own taste for having felt the delight. The two leading features of Mrs. Siddons's tragedy are dignity and pathos. Of all her pathetic parts, we prefer her *Lady Randolph*; but if we may be allowed to venture on blaming any action or expression which an actress of her consummate knowledge and taste has decided on adopting, we should say, that when *Lady Randolph*, in the transports of maternal affection, embraces the peasant stranger who brings the intelligence of her son's safety, she should not permit that peasant stranger in return to put his arms about her waist. The emotions of a mother may be supposed to have been on such an occasion unusually strong: but that a peasant should so far forget his station as to return the compliment of embrace, we think exceedingly improbable indeed. Perhaps, however, the mistake may be imputable rather to Mr. Pope, who played the *Stranger*, than to Mrs. Siddons.

Mr. Charles Kemble, who appeared as *Douglas*, was greeted with the applause which his excellence in that character so amply deserves. To say he is the best *Douglas* upon the stage is saying little, because there is no actor on the boards of London who plays it as it ought to be played. It is true that Mr. C. Kemble had all the advantages of contrast, for Master Betty must have still been present to the recollection of the spectator: but it is very incomprehensible to us that the audience who bestowed the highest applauses on the *Douglas* of Charles Kemble should be the same audience who a twelvemonth ago were enraptured with the genius of Master Betty. Mr. Cooke's *Glenalvon* is one of his best tragic performances, and there are passages in it which he executes in the finest manner: but there should be an air of assumption and protection about Glenalvon, when he quarrels with Douglas, which are the real cause of the young man's warmth: for advice, even though so lukewarm as that of Glenalvon, would hardly have been resented by the gentle Douglas, unless it had been communicated with a great degree of insulting superiority.

After the play, was acted for the first time a melo-drama, in two acts, entitled, the *Deserts of Arabia*, from the fertile and whimsical pen of Mr. Reynolds. We certainly do not consider the *Deserts of Arabia* as his best production: but we shall take this opportunity to say a few words about the hue and cry raised by some would-be critics, against the modern school, of which Mr. Reynolds is the father. The old accusation is, that his dramas are all farces. But is it not more amusing, aye, and perhaps more instructive too, to laugh at eccentric characters in comic situations, than to yawn over sentimental scenes and *conversationized* sermons, whose canting morality makes us loath the very sound of virtue? Is it no merit for an author to have devised a new plan of comedy, which, with all the faults imputed to it, has kept possession of the stage for twenty years? Few men need be ashamed to have written some of the modern comedies: but any body would be ashamed to have written half the critiques that have appeared against the modern school. We will instance one, which, on the 29d of last month, appeared in a Sunday paper, long celebrated for its abusive turn.

"COVENT GARDEN.

"A new something of a splendid after-piece was produced at this house on Thursday evening. There were a great number of camels in it, a few glittering scenes, and some *mighty pretty* dresses for the little ladies in the boxes: but we really could not manage to stop during the whole performance, and therefore our readers will spare us the recital of its imperfections."

"*Reader.* Mr. Critic, you really take great liberties with us, I think."

"*Critic.* Upon my word, Sir, I am particularly sorry, but consider, after Mr. Holcroft's play, to go and sit till half past twelve over Mr. Reynolds ——"

"*Reader interrupting.* Mr. Reynolds! Oh, I did not know it was by Mr. Reynolds!"

"*(Exeunt yawning.)*"

To take no notice of the slur upon the fair sex, whom *the Critic* is pleased to term *little ladies*, as if they were so many waxen dolls, we shall just observe upon the Critic's faithful and accurate discharge of his duty. He goes to the melo-drame, (at least, he says so, though we do not believe he saw it at all) yet could not manage to stay. We suppose it must have been either drowsiness or hunger that made him insult the public, by omitting to see the piece he pretends to criticise. "*The Reader*" very naturally thinks this a great liberty. How does he excuse himself? By a gross misrepresentation of fact; the melo-drame is a short two-act piece, and was over at half past eleven. But he has yet a fat-

ther excuse for his negligence—the piece is Mr. Reynolds's; and the parties go out yawning. Whatever effects Mr. Reynolds may have produced upon different audiences, certainly yawning has seldom been one of them. He may be sometimes extravagant, but he is scarcely dull. Though, indeed, whether he be dull or lively, the Critic does not give himself much uneasiness upon the subject: for he lays it down as a general rule, that any thing must be heavy, which comes from the author of the *Dramatist* and the *Will*, and damns the *Deserts of Arabia* without having seen it. The Critic is about to publish a volume of theatrical opinions: we have no doubt but it will be read, because we have no doubt that it will be abusive: but how would the Critic like to have his own work noticed by all the Reviews in some such sentence as this:

"The work before us is the production of the Critic in the ——— Sunday newspaper; we therefore shall save ourselves and our readers the pain of travelling through its imperfections."

We do not indeed mean to state that there is no kind of cleverness in any of the writings of this Critic: but this we will say, that if a man chuses to go all lengths for the sake of making a point, he may certainly be now and then successful: as ladies in society often get a reputation for wit, by saying things so impertinent, that good breeding precludes the possibility of a retort. Those who are guilty of these practices must not imagine, when they receive no retort, that it is because their wit has placed them above the reach of answer: it is because their ill-breeding has sunk them below the condescension of intercourse. We would not sully our pages by noticing such violences, but that, as we have placed ourselves, whether deservedly or undeservedly, in the rank of tasters to the public, we feel ourselves called upon in duty to make our report of every matter, however nauseous and disgusting it may be to our own palates.

Perhaps we shall give our readers some clue to the meaning of this Critic, when we inform them that the managers of Covent-Garden theatre, in consequence of his virulent abuse, hinted that the freedom of their house would be taken away. The violent strain of criticism on the Covent-garden theatricals, which has lately appeared in the *Times* newspaper, is owing to another cause; namely, that the exorbitant demands of the proprietors of the *Times* have induced the managers to withdraw their advertisements from that newspaper. We think it right to state these circumstances, in order that the public may be able to judge how much credit is to be attached to the declarations of irritated men.

In the *Deserts of Arabia* the principal characters are as follows:

Don Utopio - - - - - - -	Mr. Liston.
Carlos - - - - - - - - -	Mr. Incledon.
Tristram Dolefull - - - -	Mr. Fawcett.
Hassan Artaz - - - - - -	Mr. Emery.
Abdallah - - - - - - - -	Mr. Chapman.
The Widow Loristan - - -	Miss Brunton.
Zamyrta - - - - - - - -	Mrs. C. Kemble.

Carlos is invited by the rich widow *Loristan*, to cross the desert, and marry her at Bassora.—His father *Utopio* compels him to accept the offer, and sends him off, with *Tristram Dolefull*, a comic actor, under the direction of *Hassan Artaz*, a Tartar guide. The travellers quarrel with their guide, and quit him in the desert, where they are attacked by Arabs, and forced to fly for sanctuary into the tomb of Ali, the son of Mahomet. Here *Zamyrta*, an Arabian girl, to whom *Carlos* is attached, has been deputed by her infirm father, *Abdallah*, to watch the lamps that should burn perpetually in the hallowed dome. The rapture of the meeting occasions *Zamyrta* to neglect the lamps, and they are one by one extinguished. Priests arrive, and condemn them all to be exposed upon the desert, when *Hassan* enters in a forgiving mood, and by virtue of the Sultan's signet rescues *Carlos* and *Tristram*, who proceed to Bassora. At Bassora *Tristram* discovers that *Carlos*'s widow is no other than his own runaway wife: a reconciliation takes place, and they all return across the desert. They find *Abdallah* and *Zamyrta* exposed upon the sandy plains, and about to fall a prey to some ferocious Arabs: from these Arabs they rescue the sufferers, *Carlos* is united to *Zamyrta*, and the piece concludes happily.

Many of the situations are extremely interesting, particularly the last scene in the first act, where the lamps go out. The dialogue is in many parts very entertaining, and has several of those political allusions and satirical slashes which Reynolds so neatly introduces in his comedies. The music, which is the first production of Mr. G. Lanza, jun. is original and good, particularly the chorusses, Mr. Incledon's first song, and Mrs. C. Kemble's *Arabia deserta*. The words of the comic songs are very droll, and given with much effect by the humorous Fawcett. Mrs. Charles Kemble and Mr. Incledon also deserve the highest praise for their exertions. The scenery, dresses and decorations, are splendid beyond description, and are said to have cost upwards of two thousand pounds.

Upon the whole we may fairly consider the *Deserts of Arabia* as one of the best of the modern melo-dramas: it has been received with

great approbation, and will doubtless prove extremely advantageous to the house.

On Monday the 24th instant, a new melo-drame in three acts, entitled *Tekeli*, or the *Siege of Montgatz*, was produced at Drury-Lane. It is the work of Mr. Theodore Hook, the lively author of the *Invisible Girl*, *Catch Him who Can*, and *The Soldier's Return*. The music is the composition of Mr. Hook, the father of the young author. The principal characters are as follows:

Count Tekeli - - - - - - Mr. Elliston.
Count Caraffa - - - - Mr. Carles.
Wolf - - - - - - - - - Mr. Dowton.
Conrad - - - - - - - - Mr. Wroughton.
Alexina - - - - - - - - Miss Duncan.

Count Tekeli, having been oppressed by the Emperor, is driven into the Castle of Montgatz, which he quits in search of succour, leaving to his wife *Alexina*, the care of the fortress. He is hunted by the Imperialists, and the interest of the plot is constituted by his miraculous escapes from their pursuit.

In the first act, a party of the enemy, led by the sound of voices, approach him and his attendant *Wolf*. During the darkness of a thunder storm, the two friends escape from a random volley of musketry, by falling on the ground. In the second, they are preserved by *Conrad*, a generous miller, who, asssisted by *Wolf*, contrives the escape of *Tekeli*, in a sack, through the Imperial guard. In the third, he arrives at his own castle, which *Alexina* has been most heroically defending against *Count Caraffa*, the Imperial commander. A battle ensues, in which *Tekeli* with his own arm discomfits *Caraffa*, and in which the troops of the Emperor are totally defeated.

This piece is an alteration from a French melo-drame, that came out at the *Theatre de l'Ambigu comique*. The two first acts are exceedingly interesting, and original on the English stage—but the third is by no means so pleasing, because it is without incident, till towards the conclusion, and because it is a little like the *English Fleet*, and a little like *Pizarro*, and a little like feudal times. It is protracted by a great deal of flourishing eloquence, which we believe is introduced partly to cover the nakedness of the soil, and partly to afford the machinists an opportunity of placing the last scene. When this same scene appears, it by no means compensates us for the long delay that precedes it. Some of the dialogue is very well written, and the performers, for the most part, did ample justice to the characters assigned them. Mr. Elliston came forward to announce the second representation amid tumults of applause; and though we have thought it our duty to point out these defects, which by a little curtailment will be much amended, we have no hesitation in foretelling that *Tekeli* must long be an attractive, and always an interesting spectacle.

At Drury-lane a comedy has been accepted from the pen of Mrs. Lee, the authoress of the *Chapter of Accidents*, and Mr. Kenney's opera is completely finished.

At Covent-Garden also an opera has been given to a celebrated composer, in which Miss Bolton is to take a principal part. The *Tempest* will shortly be produced; and a new farce is about to be put in rehearsal.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS

FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER, 1806.

THE French and Dutch papers supply the chasm occasioned by the non-arrival of the Hamburgh mails. We now learn that Murat and Lannes have intercepted several of the divisions of the Prussian army, which after the battle of Auerstadt * retreated by Magdeburgh. Prince Hohenlohe, with 16 or 17,000 infantry besides three regiments of horse, has capitulated to Murat at Prentzlow. Another detachment of Prince Hohenlohe's corps has surrendered at Passwalk to the amount of 6000 men: Stettin and Custrin have also surrendered; and according to the Dutch accounts, Magdeburgh beside. Soult and Bernadotte are pursuing the different corps of General Blucher and the Duke of Weimar. At Amlam a body of 4000 have surrendered. The reserve under the command of Prince Eugene of Wirtemburg appears however to have escaped.

* Auerstadt is near Jena, but not between Jena and Weimar, which through an error in our map we stated it in the first number to be.

The Elector of Hesse has unresistingly submitted to the occupation of his country: and thus the French possess the whole of the territory convenient for their communications. One of the Bulletins hints, that Bonaparte intends to avail himself of his conquests to increase his maritime frontier, at least that of Holland. It is therefore more than probable, that he will now make such seizures on the sea coasts, and adopt such measures in opposition to our commerce, as his own inclination may incline him to execute. The Duke of Brunswick and the Prince of Orange are to reign no more.

We are more vexed than surprised at the overthrow of Prussia. The hopes that we were beginning to form at the commencement of this new coalition are all overthrown: but Prussia has only herself to blame. She has acted singly, and in consequence she has acted unsuccessfully. There has more than once been a crisis, when energetic co-operation might have saved Europe. This was the great error of the former coalition. —There is no such crisis now! Twice within a twelvemonth has Bonaparte's activity defeated the slow and narrow policy of the continent. Austria, Prussia, Russia, and England, have each been afraid to trust the others. Bonaparte has seized them singly, and singly crushed them—some of them beyond recovery! Bonaparte scarcely speaks before he strikes—Prussia hesitates, flounders, puts France upon her guard, and gives her intimations to prepare for hostilities: then, as much from confusion and terror, as from a sense of honour, or a hope of freedom, war is declared against France; the aid of Russia is requested; and Russian forces arrive on the seat of war, just in time to witness the destruction of their ally, and to beg permission to march home again. In a common cause, why has each nation of the continent been afraid to trust her neighbour? Because each has been, in more prosperous days, an accomplice in her neighbours' infamy, and a sharer in her neighbours' profit. "Those who have helped us to deceive others," they cry, "may in turn help others to deceive us." But what is to be expected by a country that has neither confidence in her allies, nor courage in herself? Defeat, disgraceful defeat! The French pretend to applaud the courage of their enemies at the battle of Auerstadt; this is that they may set off their own with a brighter lustre. If the Prussians had fought so gallantly as it has been represented, why should they be so easily overcome? An army drilled, and disciplined, and grounded in all the practice of tactics, as that of Prussia has been, ever since the days of Frederick, commonly called the Great, could not, even though it had never seen actual service, have been actually unmanageable in an engagement, under such a general as the Duke of Brunswick. The fact seems to be that the Prussians did not fight bravely. The following anecdote we have heard upon high authority. The Duke of Brunswick, at the head of a body of cavalry, actually commenced a charge which might have been extremely decisive: but when the men arrived within a few paces of the enemy, they turned their backs and fled, with the exception of about three companies, whom the Duke, by cheering them and by the influence of his own example, persuaded to follow him. It was this attack in which the Duke received his wound. In the same manner our papers used to boast of the very hardly-fought victory which admiral Duncan obtained over the Dutch—but we have heard it affirmed from no less than four of the captains who were engaged in that fight, that if the Dutch had really behaved like men, the English fleet must have been destroyed. In short, when soldiers are not unwieldy in their exercise, and where the commanders understand their duty, fortune must be very perverse indeed, if she totally defeats brave men.

The Dutch papers report that 250,000 Russians are advancing, and Lord Hutchinson has set off for the continent on a military embassy; but what prospect does all this afford us? The Russians, even if they be in motion, cannot be expected to oppose an effectual resistance to armies like those of Bonaparte. The Russian soldier, it is true, is what a soldier always should be, a mere machine; he is ordered to fight, and he fights till he conquers or drops: but can it be supposed that such barbarian troops will execute military manœuvres with the promptitude and exactness of the French armies? A battle is not like a review, where three or four minutes more or less, are of no consequence; in the former, a vast deal depends on expertness in the troops, and the mere evolutionary mechanism of these hard headed soldiers is as much inferior to that of the French troops, as a blind horse is less valuable than a sound one.—It does not always happen, even when two inanimate machines are constructed for the same purpose, that one is as manageable or as effective as the other. We should recollect too, who is to turn the wheels of all this machinery—why such men as Kutusow and Buxhowden on the one side; and on the other, Ney, Soult, Augereau, Lannes, Davoust, Massena, Berthier, Bernadotte, and Bonaparte! Is this a match?

Thus we have endeavoured to shew the probable causes of defeat—that if Prussia has failed, it has been from the cowardice of her men, that if Russia fails, it will not be from the cowardice of the individuals, but from the incapacity of her gene-

rals, and the awkwardness of her military bodies. The reason of Austria's failure we all remember—it is registered in the eternal infamy of Mack. If we were inclined to be superstitious, we should say, that the wrath of Providence has now descended on those nations, in vengeance for that most atrocious of all recorded robberies, the partition of Poland!

For ourselves, what is now the prospect? are we fighting at this day for the independence of Europe, and the balance of power? Europe has voluntarily given up, or sold her independence; and as to the balance, how can it be kept in play, when the continent no longer affords a fulcrum upon which the beam may rest? Great Britain may have often been enabled to trim it, by throwing her weight sometimes into one scale and sometimes into another: but detached as we are by our local situation, we could never be the centrical point from which the scales should play. That point has been sometimes Austria, sometimes Spain, sometimes even France itself.—Now all is France. Russia, like ourselves, has been too much disconnected with the seat of war, to do more than add a few slight adjustments. The vast extent of intermediate territory, peopled by different nations, and governed by different interests, kept Russia far aloof—now, all those nations, and all those interests, are subdued and overthrown, and the march from Paris to Petersburg will be an unmolested highway.

Under these circumstances, there are many who desire a peace. If a safe peace can be had, we wish it earnestly—a glorious peace we have no right to expect. Let us be contented with any peace that shall guarantee ourselves; let us not rhodomontade about the honour of Europe; all that was very well when Europe had honour, and England importance on the continent; it was then a feather in the British cap: but now, if that honour and that importance are become non-entities; if we find that we can exist without the preservationof the balance of power, (and the experience of the last twelvemonths, during which that balance has been virtually destroyed, demonstrates that we can exist without it,) let us abandon the punctilios of national glory, and consult at once the national safety. Our real credit is not affected by the cowardice or treachery of the continent; we now may fairly leave it to its fate, and may remember, for the maxim is amply sanctioned by a hundred recent misfortunes and treacheries of our allies, that by consulting our own permanent interests, we shall obtain the most respect for our own national character; and that the nation, or the individual, whose circumstances are no longer secure, will be at all times the most liable to become no longer independent.

ELECTIONS.

The Elections are now very nearly concluded, and they are thought to have been contested with considerable asperity. A vast number of the old members, as might be expected after so material a change in the Ministry, have given place to new representatives, and we do not see, by any means, so large a proportion as before of men of birth and importance.

The most material contests of any have taken place in Hampshire, Westminster, Middlesex, Southwark, Norfolk, Rochester, Liverpool, and Norwich. In Hampshire Lord Temple had interfered in a manner by no means constitutional or prudent: he had exchanged the legitimate word influence, for the unlawful ones, authority and intimidation. In consequence of this conduct a vehement opposition was excited in the county against the friends of his Majesty's government; but the ministerial candidates defeated their opponents. In Westminster Mr. Paull has stood a contest against Mr. Sheridan and Sir Samuel Hood, and has lost the city by a large minority. This election has excited almost unprecedented tumults in the metropolis. In favour of Sir Samuel and Mr. Sheridan have appeared the Government, the Theatres, the ladies, (at least, as Mr. Sheridan said, "all the pretty ones,") Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Peter Moore, and a vast number of young noblemen and gentlemen: in favour of Mr. Paull have been Mr. Gibbons the salesman, Mr. Hewlings the young feather-making orator, who was bound over to keep the peace for making use of improper language at the former election for Westminster, Mr. Cobbett, and all the lowest of the rabble. He had, however, two gentlemen on his side, Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Powell.

In Middlesex Sir Francis Burdett is infinitely below his antagonists, Mr. Mellish and Mr. Byng. In Southwark Mr. Tierney has made room for Sir Thomas Turton, Mr. Thornton continuing to hold his seat. In Norfolk Mr. Coke and Mr. Windham have been victorious over Colonel Wodehouse. In Rochester Mr. Calcraft and Mr. Barnett have been returned, to the exclusion of the brave Sir Sydney Smith, who has disgusted the Freemen by his haughty behaviour, forgetting that it will not do in our times to play Coriolanus at an Election. In Liverpool General Gascoyne has carried his points, and the Friends of Liberty have returned, together with that gallant officer, Mr. Roscoe, of literary celebrity. In Norwich we are sorry to say, Mr. William Smith has, by several disgraceful manœuvres, been rejected, and Messrs. Patteson and Fellowes have succeeded.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Russia.

THE Russian expedition round the world is accomplished; the two vessels *La Neva* and *La Nadeshda* have passed the Sound: the former on the 23d of July, and the latter on the 1st of August. M. de Krusenstern is occupied in writing his travels. A commission from the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburgh, is assisting him in the proof of his astronomical observations.

Denmark.

M. de Krusenstern, Commander of the expedition round the world, caused the bottom of water casks to be burnt into charcoal, in order to keep the water fresh and wholesome; the experiment proved successful. The Danes claim the discovery, generally attributed to M. Bertholet, in favor of the learned Abildgaard, who died in 1801. M. Lovitze discovered some years since that charcoal would filter water, and M. Abildgaard concluded, that if the interior of casks were burnt into charcoal, water might be preserved. He made several trials, which were all successful; it is very extraordinary that so useful a discovery should not have been tried by some other nation besides Russia.

A Nykoebing priest has lately given a description of a Danish island, the very name of which is scarcely known by the generality of the Danes themselves. It is called Mors, situated in the N. W. of Jutland, and formed by the grand gulph of Limfiord, which penetrates considerably into the interior of that peninsula. It is a fortunate discovery. Its population consists of 8000 souls. A particular language is spoken in the island. The enlightened historiographer of this almost unknown island accompanies his work with a glossary, containing 700 unknown words, which will furnish a subject of lucubration for the amateurs of the Northern languages.

About a year since were discovered near Drontheim, thirty-two pieces of silver, which were buried at no great depth in the earth. They were coined in the reign of King Eric, of Pomerania, either at Aaresund, in Norway, or perhaps at Ouroust, in Sweden. There has been discovered more recently, in the neighbourhood of Meldalen, near Drontheim, on a bank of sand, from 70 to 80 pieces of silver, in four or five urns, made of a fine metal; the pieces of money were coined during the reign of Ethelred, King of England. One of them, bearing a cross and effigy of a temple, appears to have been coined about the year 1100. In other parts of the diocese of Drontheim, several other pieces of money have been discovered of the same early dates. At Strinden there was found, about 16 or 17 years since, a kind of a brass coffer, which contained pieces of money, the greater part of the reign of Frederic III. and of the value of 300 rix-dollars; on a hill near Drontheim, about 18 or 20 years since, forty-eight pieces of silver were found; the greater part of them were of a larger size, and bore unknown inscriptions. Five of those pieces were round; the others were square or triangular. These medals may give some information respecting the history of the North.

Germany.

The celebrated gallery at Dresden exhibited this year, among its *chefs d'œuvre*, several very valuable productions. An historical painting of M. F. Mathaei has been particularly extolled; it is composed of two figures, and represents the punishment of Egisthes, by Orestes and Pylades, in Agamemnon's palace. The painter has borrowed his principal idea from a description of the painting which is found in Lucian; he has, however, been bolder than the Greek artist, for he has placed Electra on the spot where Clytemnestra is expiring. M. Mathaei is an artist of considerable talents, and promises to be one of the first painters in Germany.

The celebrated Tischbien has finished his painting of Ajax and Cassandra. He has chosen for his subject the moment where the Grecian hero is carrying off the priestess from the altar, and in turning his eyes toward the entrance of the temple, draws his sword to resist the enemy, that is waiting his approach. The painting is finely executed, and will do him considerable credit.

Italy.

At the Italian theatre, at Genoa, a piece, in fifteen acts, has been produced; the performing of which lasted three successive days; the following were the titles of the piece. First day: *Henry, King of Navarre, at the French Court.* Second day: *The Encampment of Henry the Fourth,* or *the Battle of Ivry.* Third day: *Henry the Fourth on his Throne,* or *his Entrance into Paris.*

M. Comoli, professor of sculpture at the university of Turin, has finished the bust of Sophocles. This bust is made of white marble, and is placed on a square alabaster pedestal. The name of Alfieri is printed on the plinth, in golden letters. The sculptor has placed a bronze mask of Melpomene's before the face of the bust.

FRANCE.

The Society of Arts and Sciences of the province of Lot, held at Montauban, propose the following questions for prizes, to be determined in the year 1807.

The first prize is destined for the author, who sends the best treatise on the following subject.

"What connection exists between electricity, magnetism, and galvanism, but principally what influence has the caloric in the phenomena that result from it."

The questions for the two other prizes is:

"What influence has the severe critic on the progress of talents?"

Each prize will consist of a gold medal; on one side of which will be the name of the Society, and on the other, the name of the author that obtains the prize. The treatises are to be sent before the 20th of March, 1807, to the Secretary of the Society.

LONDON AND FASHIONABLE VARIETIES.

ANECDOTES OF PERSONS IN HIGH LIFE.

The following anecdote of the Hon. and Rev. F. E——n is buzzed about the polite circles. Mr. E. was one of the Englishmen so unprecedentedly detained in France. He left England in consequence of the displeasure of his relation and patron, who was one of the first nobles of this country, the next in rank, perhaps, to the blood royal. This nobleman was every way eccentric; and, from a disappointment in early life, entertained so great a dislike for the fair sex, that he would never suffer a woman to enter his presence; nay, he has been known to discharge a female servant for the high crime of meeting him on the staircase. With these bigotted sentiments it is not very surprising, that his nephew, Mr. E.'s introduction of a lady into the house, should be construed into high treason. Mr. E. was immediately dismissed the presence of this inveterate misogunist for ever. At Paris, Mr. E. from his accomplishments and address, quickly insinuated himself so successfully into the Cabinet of St. Cloud, that the Empress procured his Majesty the Emperor's permission that Mr. E. should remain in that city, at the time when his less fortunate "co-mates and brothers in exile" were ordered to Verdun. In the polite circles of Paris, Mr. E. led the fashionable amusements of the hour. His equipage, his English barouche with four, and sometimes six in hand, his two outriders, his charioteering skill, were the astonishment and envy of the whole city. Talleyrand had a female favourite who adored him; and had address enough to place her favourite on the list of that Minister's convivial associates. Talleyrand's carriages, and even those of the Empress herself, were modelled from Mr. E.'s. In the midst of all this glare of dissipation, news of the death of Mr. E.'s uncle arrived, and of a bequest from him to Mr. E. of 100,000l. This sum as greatly fell off from our gallant's expectations before his uncle's displeasure, as it exceeded them, labouring under it as he did. He was now, therefore, eager to shine in England with some portion of his Parisian brilliancy; and was one of the gentlemen for whose release Lord Lauderdale is said to have applied. These applications it is well known were unsuccessful; and Mr. E. owes his ransom to his gallantry: for his attachment to Talleyrand's mistress being perceived by that prince, jealousy suggested that the dispatch of Mr. E. to England would be a very likely removal of every obstacle in his lady's affection to himself. Talleyrand of course could effect more than Lord Lauderdale; Mr. E. left Paris; and is now destined for a star of the first magnitude in the galaxy of fashion here.

THE FAVOURITE OF FORTUNE AND THE PATRIOTIC BANKER.

It is but seldom that an instance of so much *apparent* good fortune occurs, without some hidden cause being suspected to be connected with it. Among all the various rumours of the day, respecting the parties above alluded to, scandal has not failed to ascribe the cause of success to a very different motive from what it is represented to be. The following is credibly asserted to be a true statement of this mysterious case:—

A certain venerable and patriotic *carver of omnium* felt lately a gradual and almost imper-

ceptible attack of the soft passion, from certain looks and darts, communicated by what *Old Discount* himself calls *a twist*, from a fine pair of eyes. Many overtures were indirectly made, and meetings appointed; but the Lady was too arch and cunning to be caught by flimsy professions. "Come to the point, and then *we* will listen to reason," was the uniform reply. This *prudent* line of conduct succeeded; an understanding took place, and the parties proceeded to business. A considerable draft on the *firm*, and a settlement *for life*, completed the contract. Further, this deponent sayeth not, from motives of delicacy and honour!

A MATRIMONIAL FRACAS.—An event, not singular in respect of its tendency, but unexpected in its result, has happened in a *Great Family*, within these few days past. A nobleman, not more remarkable for his dash and style of living than for his very gentlemanly manners, and great taste in devising fashions for the *beau monde*, has relinquished the elegant society of his fair helpmate for another object, who, according to a friend's description, more resembles Martha Gunn, the bathing-woman of Brighton, than that *Venus of Cleomenes*, his beautiful wife. The neglected fair one has lately recovered from the effects of a late *accouchement*, during the period of which the dereliction of her Lord took place. Her character and disposition are truly amiable!

LORD MAYOR'S DAY, Monday, Nov. 9.—According to ancient custom, the old and new Lord Mayor, attended by the Sheriffs, Aldermen, Recorder, Chamberlain, and other City Officers, met at Guildhall by eleven o'clock, and after partaking of a sumptuous breakfast, proceeded in their carriages, about one, to Blackfriars-bridge, where the city barges were in waiting to convey them to Westminster; several of the Companies' barges attended, with their flags flying, and music playing. The fog having dispersed, and the day proving extremely fine, it was a most beautiful sight; and their Lordships proceeded up the river with the usual formalities.

On the arrival of the Companies in their respective barges, at Old Palace Yard, the procession landed, and proceeded to Westminster-hall, in the usual state. They then went up to the Court of Exchequer, which was crowded with spectators, and the Recorder presented the Lord Mayor Elect to the Barons.

The Lord Chief Baron then addressed the Lord Mayor, in an appropriate speech, upon the nature and importance of the office which his Lordship was chosen to fill.

The entertainment prepared at Guildhall was extremely elegant and magnificent. The illuminations were very brilliant; in the centre was a chandelier, forming a balloon; the walls and pillars were hung with variegated lamps, interspersed with naval trophies, military flags, &c. and ornamented with orange coloured bows, which had a very good effect. On the hustings, at the upper end of the hall, six tables were laid for his Lordship and the Nobility. On the table which went across the other five, was a most beautiful temple, about eight feet high, supported by white and gold pillars; and among many other splendid devices, in the centre was suspended a most brilliant crown; the other tables were also ornamented with naval and military trophies. The hustings, at the other end of the hall, were for the Sheriffs, and their friends, and their tables also displayed great taste

About six, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and their company, sat down to dinner, which consisted of every variety of the season: Game, Claret, and Champaigne. Dinner was prepared for 1000 persons, and 1200 came; a very fine band played all the time of dinner.

After the usual toasts of the King, Royal Family, &c. Sheriff Miles gave the health of Sir F. Burdett, who sat on his right hand. The Baronet returned thanks.

About nine o'clock, the ladies retired to the Council Chamber, which, as well as several other apartments, was fitted up for dancing. The ball was opened by Mr. Chambers and Miss Wilson.

The ladies in general were very elegantly dressed. The Lady Mayoress wore a white crape dress, richly spangled with gold, massy gold cords and tassels; Paradise plume, and white feathers in her head; and splendid diamond ornaments, ear-rings, necklace, &c.

The Lord Mayor wore a dark striped satin coat, and rich embroidered waistcoat.

The beautiful Miss Cummin, of Bath, we are sorry to hear, has met with a serious accident. A case of pistols unfortunately lay in a room where Miss Cummin and a young Lady were sitting, who, in a frolic, took up one of them, and, presenting it at her friend, exclaimed, "I will shoot you;" and, snapping it, lodged a ball and the wadding between the thigh and the hip of her dear and beloved friend Miss Cummin. The ball and the wadding have been extracted, and great hopes are entertained of Miss Cummin's recovery.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and Duke of Clarence have now completed their tour round the country parts of England, in the course of which they honoured all the most eminent Noblemen, and other distinguished public men, with their company. Their Highnesses returned to town November 21.

Report states a treaty of marriage to be on the tapis between the Hon. George William Coventry, eldest son of Viscount Deerhurst, and grandson to the Earl of Coventry, and the lovely Miss Honoria Blake, youngest daugnter of the late Joseph Blake, Esq. of Ardfrey, in the county of Galway, sister to the Countess of Errol and the late Lord Walscourt. A predilection for Irish beauty is inherent in the Coventry family. The first Countess of the present Earl was one of the celebrated Miss Gunnings, eldest sister to the late Duchess of Hamilton and Argyle. The fame of these Ladies for beauty has already outlived half a century.

A serio-comic event took place at Oxendon-street Chapel, which has excited some conversation:—The congregation had assembled at the usual hour of service; the clerk was in attendance; and every person in momentary expectation of beholding the pastor. No minister however appeared, and after sitting upwards of an hour with a truly Christian patience, an explanation was demanded. Mr. Amen could explain but little; he believed the shepherd had gone to snuff up the fresh air of the country, and supposed the person who had promised to officiate for him had forgotten his engagement! The flock of course were left to shift for themselves, much wondering at the neglect of their heavenly guide.—It is certainly not quite correct to state that he was of the *regular* church: but he is, however, the son of an orthodox divine.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, Nov. 13, 1805.

THE CHILD WITH TWO MOTHERS.—In this truly mysterious case, a writ of Habeas Corpus had been issued, directed to Hopkins, the reputed father of the infant, and this day he returned the writ, and came into Court with the child and its mother. Mrs. Nott and her husband, the persons who claimed the child as their own, were also present. The return to the writ was then read. It described the father of the child to be Hopkins, and the woman who had it in her arms to be its mother, and the wife of Hopkins. The child, however, was illegitimate, Hopkins having married its mother since its birth. The Court ordered the child to remain under the care of its parents.

An affecting scene took place; Mrs. Hopkins, misconceiving his Lordship's words, when the officer came to assist her out of Court, thought it was to take the child from her; she screamed, and the infant clung to her with all its strength. Mrs. Nott, who laid claim to the child, was also in Court; and when she heard their Lordships' order, fell into hysterics, and was carried out with some difficulty.

PROVINCIAL VARIETIES.

IN some parts of the kingdom where the *artemisia absinthium* grows in abundance, it is used instead of hops, having the peculiar property of destroying acescency in beer grown hard for want of them. The leaves of the same plant, steeped in boiling water, and repeatedly applied to a recent bruise, removes the pain, and prevents the discolouration of the part.

It may not be an unacceptable communication to farmers, who have any quantity of cyder not sufficiently acid to make good vinegar, to inform them, that by exposing it in shallow vessels during a severe frost, so that it may be thoroughly frozen, there will be a complete chemical change from bad cyder to excellent vinegar.

TURNIP BUTTER.—The following has been communicated to us as a certain method of preventing the disagreeable taste that butter acquires when cows are fed on turnips; and we understand is the general practice in the dairies in Norfolk. "Lay some powdered saltpetre at the bottom of "the pot in which the cream is to be kept: and "the night before it is churned, let it be scalded "over the fire, and afterwards set to cool."

A short time since, a sheep belonging to Mr. Tickmer, of Brickwell farm, in Bromley, Kent, was found lying in a field of turnips, into which it had been turned to feed upon, with its bowels actually picked out by ravens. The shepherd was at length attracted by the cries of the animal, which, on his approach, attempted to rise, but in vain.

A pig has been killed by Mr. Willats, bacon dealer of Reading, which, when opened, was

found to have two perfect and distinct hearts; one weighing about 2¼lb. the other about ¾ of a pound.

MURDER.—Matthew Smith, accused of the murder of a female child, about three months old, in Paisley, has been apprehended in Carlisle. The infant was the illegitimate offspring of a writer in Paisley. The father had given the mother of the child, (Agnes Kelly) the sum of 3l. to assist in maintaining her offspring, which was consumed in drink, between her and Matthew Smith, with whom it appears she had some connection. Not knowing where to get a fresh supply, Smith strangled the innocent, and laid it beneath the root of an old tree in the garden, and sent for the apprentice of a doctor in Paisley; it is strongly supposed with the view of selling the body for the purpose of dissection! When they had arrived at the spot, the child, having somewhat recovered, was crying. The monster Smith took it by the heels, and dashed its head against the ground with all his force, five or six times; but the mould being soft, this experiment was not sufficient to terminate the existence of the poor little sufferer. The child still breathing, the doctor's apprentice tied a handkerchief as tight as possible around the stomach to prevent the playing of the lungs. Notwithstanding these various devices, life was not totally extinct. In order to complete their hellish intent, Smith held the child's head in a bucket of water, which terminated its sufferings. The child was then put into a rag cellar, and was discovered shortly after by the nauseous smell, with one of the feet and part of the leg eaten away by rats. Such complicated barbarity could not escape the all-seeing eye of a just Providence. The very means which were used for the accomplishment of this "most "strange and most unnatural" murder, were the means of its discovery. The handkerchief which was tied around the infant's body belonged to the master of the apprentice, and was stamped with his name. Accordingly he was suspected; he owned the handkerchief, but denied any knowledge of the transaction. The apprentice then confessed, and turned evidence for the Crown; whereupon messengers were dispatched in every direction, and, by indefatigable activity, Smith was apprehended and committed to take his trial.

BIRTHS.

On Friday evening, November 21, the Marchioness of Winchester, of a daughter, at her house, in Portman-square.

Lately, the wife of F. Neby, an industrious journeyman glass-cutter, was safely delivered of three fine girls at a birth, who are all likely to live.

MARRIAGES.

At Mary-le-bone Church, Sir Wastell Brisco, Bart. of Crofton-place, Cumberland, to Miss Lester, of Stratton-street, Piccadilly

Lately, at Walton Church, Liverpool, Llewellyn Lloyd, Esq. youngest brother of Sir Edward Pryce Lloyd, Bart. to Miss Falkner, daughter of Edward Falkner, Esq. of Fairfield.

At Ruabon, Shropshire, Lieutenant Colonel Shipley eldest son of the Dean of St. Asaph, to Miss Charlotte Williams Wynne, sister of Sir W. W. Wynne, Bart.

At Clifton, J. Rilly, Esq. to Miss C. Cox, daughter of the late General Cox, of Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square.

At Gretna Green, William Meek, Esq. late Lieutenant in the 73d Regiment of Foot, to Miss Caroline Wilkinson, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Wilkinson, Esq. of Leeds.

DEATHS.

The Right Hon. William Brabazon, Lord Ponsonby; he was head of the respectable family of the Ponsonbys, and brother to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland. He enjoyed his title only a few months, having been created a peer since the formation of the present Ministry.

On the 16th ult. at his seat in Scotland, the Earl of Galloway. His Lordship was much respected by all parties, having never particularly interfered in politics.

At William Wingfield's, Esq. in Montague-street, Russell-square, in the 96th year of her age, the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Digby, daughter of the late and sister of the present Earl of Digby.

At Liverton, the Lady of Sir John Duntze, Bart. Her Ladyship was daughter of the late Sir Thomas Carew, of Hancombe, Bart.

Lately, aged 67, the Right Hon. Anna Maria, Baroness Sandys, relict of the late Lord Sandys, of Ombersley Court, Worcestershire.

On the 18th ult. Sir John Mordaunt, Bart. at Walton, in the county of Warwick.

At Tilford, near Farm, in Surrey, Mrs. Charlotte Smith, Authoress of Sonnets and other celebrated works.

LE BEAU MONDE.

ESSAY II.

For the apparel oft proclaims the man. SHAKSPEARE.

TO write essays on the importance of good breeding would at this time of day be mere waste of paper. Such things came very well from a Lord CHESTERFIELD, to a PHILIP STANHOPE, who cared nothing about the matter; but for *us* to thrust them before *our readers*, would be more like a PHILIP STANHOPE endeavouring to inculcate politeness to a Lord CHESTERFIELD. On this incontrovertible topic then, all that can be advanced without disgust must be some such nervous and brilliant speech as Dr. JOHNSON has given us in the following antithetical distinction, which he makes between a well and an ill bred man, and which we can all say by heart: "the one attracts your liking, the other your aversion; you love the one till you find reason to hate him; you hate the other till you find reason to love him." This sentence is a master-piece, it unites grace with dignity, dignity with wit, and wit with truth: its materials and their fabric would, in any other man, have crowned the labour of hours; and yet, with JOHNSON, it was nothing but the unpremeditated production of a casual conversation.

To follow up the opinion of our present motto, and enlarge on the utility of dress to good-breeding, is almost as idle an employment as it would be to recommend good breeding as a concomitant to dress; but we must consent to be idle sometimes. We shall not take umbrage at Dr. JOHNSON's assertion, that he was not obliged to find reasons for respecting the rank of a man who would condescend to declare it by his dress; for we know many men, for whose rank and virtues we entertain the profoundest respect, in spite of their omission to attend to externals, and even although they are not able to shine,

"With all good grace to grace a gentleman!"

But we must nevertheless agree with JOHNSON in supposing all neglect of appearance to originate in *pride*, and not, as some may imagine, in *humility*: "no person," as that profound observer justly maintains, "goes under-dressed till he "thinks himself of consequence enough to for-"bear carrying the badge of his rank upon his "back." Thus it was that FREDERICK the GREAT rode out in a snuffy coat, and thus we hear that the Emperor NAPOLEON is always the plainest-looking man in his whole court. Whoever looked at the garb of a quaker, and imagined his affected simplicity to be the offspring of humility? The pride of all these cynics consists in this singularity; to recommend themselves by their *intrinsic* qualifications, to the contempt of such as are only *extrinsic*; but every advertising lotion-monger can quote to them, that with the mass of mankind, "a good appearance is the best "letter of recommendation;" and although we should be inclined to question the veracity of the word *best* here, yet it will not greatly injure the importance of an attention to what the maxim inculcates, if for that word we were to read *speediest*.

The motto to our present essay forms the consequence of certain directions as to dress, which *Polonius*, in *Hamlet*, gives to his son *Laertes*. With one of these directions, however, we confess ourselves unable to agree: we should rather prefer to the line,

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy."

that sensible maxim of SWIFT's, always to let our dress be one degree beneath what our station may warrant. This is at least the safer rule: by conforming to this, we shall stand in no great danger of violating *Polonius's*.

If, then, our apparel is to proclaim us, we should first possess the *education* of a gentleman, and afterwards lay our claim to the *dress* of one. It would be very easy for the merest clown to bespeak every atom of the costumes that are delineated in the picture, from the inspection of which we shall no longer detain our readers; but he would not find it in the power of either of them to bespeak *the gentleman*.

FASHIONS

FOR DECEMBER, 1806.

Fig. No. 1. EVENING DRESS—For this dress are used the various shades of dark chocolate, brown, and olive coats, which are made in much the same manner as they were last month, both in regard to the collar and lapelle: but the waist is somewhat lengthened, and the hip buttons are rather farther apart than they were at that time. The length of the coat remains the same, and the buttons are either covered with the same cloth as the coat, or are formed of basket-worked twist to match. Velvet collars are still worn. White marseilles, quilting, waistcoats, continue to be the only fashionable wear with coloured clothes. The breeches are much as before. They are made of the various shades of light drab colours: they descend comfortably below the knee, and are there tied with a silk string. Silk stockings of the natural colour are more prevalent than those of pink.

Fig. No. 2.—MORNING DRESS.—The morning coats are generally worn of the same colours and make as those of the evening; and are distinguished from them only by having a plated button, which is now worn much larger than it was formerly.—But the most gentlemanly dress is a single-breasted coat (according to the engraving) buttoning comfortably over the body, and cut away to shew the breeches. The most genteel colours are darkish green mixtures, or nut-coloured mixtures, coats of which are equally fashionable with or without a black velvet collar. Plain plated buttons are exclusively worn on these coats.—The coat itself is about two inches shorter than the evening coat, and has no pocket flaps at the sides. The waistcoats for this dress are almost exclusively of striped toilinets, which are worn in rather broader stripes than formerly was the fashion; and the stripe is now beginning to be perpendicular with the body instead of horizontal. The breeches are made of drab-coloured milled kerseymeres, with gilt buttons at the knees, and made sufficiently long to come into the whole boot; but the most general dress are pantaloons of much the same colours as the breeches. These are frequently made of ribbed kerseymeres, and are worn with Hessian boots.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS FOR THE PRESENT MONTH.

Were our Magazine published daily instead of monthly, it would be insufficient to trace the restless veerings of fashion. The finger which indicates the colour of a fashionable dress-coat is now wavering between olive-green, dark chocolate, and dark brown. The buttons must now be covered with cloth similar to the coat, which they must unite over a white waistcoat. Full-dress requires the assistance of either light-brown or white kerseymere breeches, and white silk stockings. The hair should still be powdered. For a riding dress, fashion will not be disobeyed by the use of a blue frock-coat, with metal buttons; the waistcoat to be worn under this coat Fashion leaves to her sister Fancy. The leathers to be worn with this riding dress, are to be made much tighter than has lately been the custom; and the whole boots, which are here equally necessary, must be particularly attended to. The tops should be of a glossy dark brown, and should be made somewhat longer than they have lately been worn: the toe of the boot should be broad and perfectly square.

Coats of all descriptions should be cut so as to shew one button only of the waistcoat. The hair continues to be dressed *à la Titus* in the morning. The bosom of the shirt now presents an air of peculiar neatness; the shirt itself is plaited, and is without a frill, the opening being united with three or four linen buttons. This improvement for a morning dress promises to be very generally adopted.

In addition to these observations, we have to remark, that the style in which gentlemen have of late years worn their dress, although it does not exhibit the variety of taste which that of the ladies so eminently displays, requires equal skill in the manufacturer who adopts it to the minds of our men of fashion; and that as the variations are more minute so the formation of them becomes more difficult. Dark greens are very frequently worn as a change of dress: but black is very little seen at present, and blues are equally so. They will, however, at all times be considered genteel, although they cannot be called strictly fashionable. Gilt or plated buttons, of the basket kind, have been attempted to be introduced by many taylors of the first celebrity, but they have had very little success, having disappeared almost as suddenly as they came. The waistcoats come rather high in the neck, so as to appear

a little above the coat; and the morning waistcoats are universally bound.

As to the great-coats, the mildness of the season has prevented much occasion for them; and electioneering business having lately kept gentlemen too actively employed to give them time to think of fashions in those articles, we can say only, that so far as they have come under our observation, they do not seem to have suffered any alteration since the last winter, being generally made of dark-coloured cloths, and entirely plain, hanging three or four inches longer than the close coats.

Fig. No. 3.—A fashionable *Single Crane Barouche Chariot*, with a compass hind end, standards, and an oval cushion, on a new construction; the seat in front hung in a very airy manner, and extremely pleasant for driving, giving a more compleat command of the horses than those which are attached to a boot.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON CARRIAGES.

The bodies of single crane barouche chariots being made in the barouche style, is quite novel, which not only is the means of rendering the carriage shorter, but much lighter, and being also made with the single crane to the compass of the body, has a very pleasing effect, now that Gentlemen are become so fond of displaying their abilities in the science of coachmanship; a crane in consequence of having a short turn is always a desirable object, more particularly among a multiplicity of carriages, as are displayed in the Park and other fashionable places; and on this account, as well as the tasteful and uniform appearance of the whole, we have no doubt will bring them into general use. The colour of the pannels and carriage, a light green, is become very prevalent, and perfectly well adapted to shew off the brass mouldings, &c. which are now entirely the *ton*. Drabs and scarlet morocco reclining cushions continue still to be very predominant for linings, and more particularly when the pannels are painted green.

We observe for town-carriages a compass coach-box, with a seat-cloth, is now very much in vogue, leaving the fore-part of the carriage entirely free from a boot, which certainly does away the appearance of a travelling-carriage, and distinguishes it from the very many with barouche seats which are used for both purposes: Salisbury boots are not so much used as formerly.

It is not to be expected that any material alteration can be made to these fashionable appendages in the course of one month, but when such is the case a faithful delineation will be given.

NEW FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

Since the last season, considerable alterations and improvements have been made in furniture, and in ornamental decorations in the interior of tasteful houses. The Egyptian *costume*, at best but indifferently understood, is totally laid aside, and a style of furniture, drawn from the florid *Ionic*, is substituted in its stead.—We shall now be no longer disgusted with the horrid imitations from what is called the *antique*, and shall rejoice to see that species of barbarism completely exploded, and the mansions of the Great again become the seat of the Arts and Sciences, by being stored with moveables of domestic use, designed after the purest Grecian models. A more grand and beautiful outline is adopted in the shape of each piece of furniture. The whole are altogether divested of superfluous *Arabesque* ornaments, which, in general, have been placed without taste or discrimination. We are indebted for these improvements to a few of our scientific professors and amateurs. Among the latter may be named Mr. Walsh Porter, Mr. Thomas Hope, and Mr. Henry Baring, all men of pure classic taste.

Among the alterations in the wall-decorations of state apartments, the introduction of *flock*, covering the compartments in one uniform colour, has been attempted with but indifferent success; though the effect is rich, if managed well, and is certainly next to hangings of silk.

All mahogany furniture is now divested of inlaid ornaments.—Chairs, tables, sofas, &c. used in drawing rooms, are all covered with gold, or a mixture of bronze and gold. The japan is now entirely confined to the *third* class of gentry.

A new idea for fitting up libraries, is, we understand, about to be introduced, by an Upholder of eminence, into the house of a much esteemed Nobleman. The body of the room is to be occupied by a *cenotaph*, serving as a writing table; and at the same time it contains maps of every country in the known world, properly digested, and the whole so arranged as to be fit for inspection without the least trouble or confusion. This admirable invention possesses every other requisite for literary accommodation. The wings of the library contain recesses capable of holding 500 of the largest folio volumes of antiquities. At each of the four angles are placed figures as large as life, of real bronze, supporting lamps capable of diffusing sufficient *quiet* light, for the purpose of study.

SPORTING VARIETIES.

RACING-MATCH.—On Tuesday, Nov. 4, Mr. Weatherley's chesnut horse, Sir Hugh, by Jupiter, 12st. 7lb. (rode by Mr. Barstow) beat Mr. Clarke's brown horse, by Crop, 12st (rode by Mr. Tweddle) four miles, over the Town Moor, near Newcastle, for 100 guineas: At starting, 3 and 4 to 1 on Sir Hugh, 2 to 1 he was never headed, and even betting he won by a distance; Sir Hugh took the lead, was never headed, and beat his antagonist by a distance and a half.—Sir Hugh ran the four miles in nine minutes and 30 seconds, in a style, considering the heavy state of the ground, and the weight he carried, that would not have disgraced the famous Marcia. At Newcastle on the 17th ult. Sir Hugh won the Annual Hunters' Cup, carrying 13st. 2lb. four miles, beating seven others in a canter.

Nov. 20, a match was run three miles over Pontefract Course, between Lieut. Cole's (of the 7th Dragoon Guards) chesnut mare and Mr. Jackson's (Adjutant of the 2d Battalion of Leeds Volunteers) chesnut mare, for 50 guineas each, rode by the owners. At starting the betting was in favour of the horse. Mr. Jackson took the lead, and went off at speed; Lieut. Cole kept his mare back until he passed the first mile, when he took the lead with great ease; and before they arrived at the second mile-post, Mr. Jackson fell off; the Lieutenant then cantered in. Lieut. Cole rode in a very handsome-like style.

THE MALTON COURSING MEETING, which was to have taken place on the first whole week of November, was deferred till the 17th instant.

The Meeting was then numerous, both as to Members, and of Gentlemen who honoured the Members with their company.

TUESDAY, the first public coursing day, was a continued rain; the Prize Cup, however, was run for by six dogs, and won as under (the first Course for it being undecided)

Sir T. Slingsby's b. b. Serpent
Sir M. M. Sykes's white dog
Mr. Best's black dog
Major Topham's black dog
Mr. Torre's dog, (slipped too soon and disqualified).

The course was very short, the Hares not being able to stand before the dogs.

The weather proved so unfavourable, that not above 10 matches were run.

The Hares were plentiful, but could not run well.

WEDNESDAY.—The Foxhounds threw off at Housholm Wood, but no Fox was found there. A match of hunters was this day won by Mr. Knowsley's Hunter, against the Hon. M. Hawke's; Mr. Tatton Sykes rode the winner as usual.

THURSDAY.—The second public coursing day had a number of matches run on the higher part of the Wharram Grounds, where the Hares ran very stoutly, and afforded some long courses.

On this day, Young Snowdrop and Thunder, (who beat the winner of the cup) were purchased by Mr. Watt of Major Topham, both got by old Snowball.

A coursing match has taken place on Epsom Downs, between Mr. Scottard's celebrated dog *Fly*, and Mr. Villeroy's equally renowned greyhound named *Snow-ball*. The latter, it is well known, was lately the property of Colonel Thornton. The match was for 100 guineas. About ten o'clock in the morning the *hare* was put up, and the dogs started in good style. The betting was two to one on *Snow-ball*. The latter took the lead, and kept it for a few seconds; but shortly afterwards *Fly* passed her antagonist, and gave the three first turns in capital order. The match was decided in about ten minutes. After the contest, fifty guineas were offered and refused for *Fly*. Mr. Durante and many of the first sporting gentlemen were present.

A buck was turned out on Nov. 13, near Patcham, before some excellent dogs. The field was numerously attended, almost all the dashing sportsmen of Sussex being present. Carriages, with a pair and four horses, filled with rank and beauty, attended from Brighton. The hunt proved a very fine one. The buck was evidently saved by the huntsman, but his velvet coat was so lacerated by the relentless teeth of the dogs, that it is feared he cannot be preserved for another hunt. The above buck had escaped from the park of Mr. Challer, at Shermanbury, about two years since, and after a capital run, was taken by the same pack of dogs that last hunted him. One gentleman in the latter chace had an excellent horse drop under him with fatigue, and which expired soon after.

The Dukes of York and Cambridge, Earl Spencer, Sir John Shelly, and Mr. B. Paget, have been on a visit with Earl Jersey, at his seat at Osterly Park, near Brentford. The meeting was for the purpose of shooting, and they enjoyed most excellent sport. They shot sixty-one pheasants and forty hares. A cart attended them to take the game to the house. The Duke of York was considered the best shot.

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With enamel skilfully placed, from one to a whole set, so as not to be discovered from natural Teeth, will always retain their natural colour. Complete sets placed on reasonable terms.—Human Teeth placed to stumps, or from one to a whole set.

Mr. PRINCE, Dentist, No. 333, Oxford-street, performs every operation on the Teeth and Gums, in the safest manner.

PRINCE'S PASTE PEARLS for concealing decayed Teeth in front, so as not to be discovered they are decayed, are recommended to persons residing at a distance from a Dentist, who have the misfortune of losing front teeth, as they may make one themselves; is the greatest convenience to persons who wear Artificial Teeth, and are in the habit of leaving town, as, in case of an accident, they will be possessed of a substitute, to replace the deficiency, till they can obtain proper assistance.—Price Half-a-Guinea per Box, containing ten Pearls, or one containing 25, for One Guinea.

PRINCE'S GRENARD TINCTURE has been proved the only article yet discovered for fastening teeth that are loose: is recommended to persons wearing Artificial Teeth fastened to their natural, as it will prevent the natural from becoming loose, a case which frequently happens.—Half-a-Guinea per Bottle.

PRINCE'S CHERRY PASTE, for preserving and whitening the Teeth, curing the Scurvy in the Gums, only requires a trial; 2s. 6d. per pot.

PRINCE'S CHERRY LOTION; its peculiar excellence consists in sweetening the breath which may arise from inward complaints, scorbutic gums or decayed Teeth, as there are few persons more or less that are not afflicted with this unpleasant sensation: a trial will avouch its merits. Those who wear Artificial Teeth ought never to be without it, as it keeps them sweet and clean: 7s. 6d. per bottle.

PRINCE'S MUSHROOM for the Tooth-Ache, which gives immediate relief, and has relieved persons from the most excruciating pain, who have not been able to sleep for several nights, after taking every resource in vain, and have found an immediate relief by the Mushroom. Those afflicted with the Tooth-Ache ought never to be without it: 2s. 6d.

To be had of the Proprietor, No. 333, Oxford-street; and, by appointment, Bacon, 150, Allen, 76, Oxford-street; Ward, 324, Middle-row, Holborn; Butler, 4, Cheapside; Withers, 229, Strand; Rigge, 65, Cheapside; Holmes and Tutt, Royal Exchange, London; Bull, Dame-street, Dublin; Blanchard, York; Reaburn, North Bridge, Edinburgh; Shepherd, Bristol; Collins, Salisbury; Cruttwell, Bath; and most Venders in Town and Country.

*** All orders from any part of the country will be sent by coach, by sending the money in a letter, directed to Mr. Prince, No. 333, Oxford-street, London.

TEA.

The universal complaint of Tea at the respective prices generally sold, have induced men of probity and experience to come forward and offer to the public, at their Warehouse, No. 41, *New Bridge-street, Blackfriars*, two Doors from Ludgate Hill, every species of Tea and Coffee upon such terms as must give content, if that object can possibly be attained at any Warehouse heretofore established, and the public are respectfully reminded, that not less than one pound of a kind will be sold.

*** The Warehouse is open from 8 o'clock in the morning until 8 o'clock in the evening.

CANDLE AND SOAP COMPANY,

No. 182, FLEET-STREET,

Two Doors from Fetter-lane.

Housekeepers and others, who are accustumed to lay in their winter stock of Candles and Soap, will find their advantage in applying for those articles at the Company's Warehouse, where an allowance is made for ready money, in proportion to the quantity purchased at one time.

WHOLESALE PRICES OF CANDLES.

	per doz. lbs.
Mould Candles, with waxed wicks - -	£. 0 13 0
Common Mould Candles - - - -	0 12 0
Store or Dipped Candles - - - -	0 11 0

Discount for Cash on delivery, in proportion to the quantity purchased at one time, viz.

A box containing	£.	s.	d.		
12 dozen lbs.	0	1	8	per dozen lbs.	Discount.
9 ———	0	1	1	ditto	
6 ———	0	0	11	ditto	
3 ———	0	0	9	ditto	
1 ———	0	0	6	ditto	

WHOLESALE PRICES OF SOAP.

Mottled Soap, per cwt. - - - -	£. 4 4 0
Yellow Soap, per cwt. - - - -	3 14 0
Curd Soap, per cwt. - - - -	4 8 0

Discount on the same conditions as above, viz.

For 1 cwt.	£ 0	4	0	per cwt.	Discount.
2 qrs.	0	3	0	ditto	
1 qr.	0	2	0	ditto	
14 lb.	0	1	0	ditto	

Wax Lights, 3s. 10d. per lb.; Spermaceti Lights, 8s. per lb.; Genuine Spermaceti Oil, 7s. 3d. per gallon; Common Oil, 3s. 6d. ditto; Poland and French Starch, 11d. per lb.

The only, best, and cheapest House in the Universe for

SILK STOCKINGS WITH COTTON FEET,

is No. 146, FLEET-STREET.

A most rich, valuable, and elegant Selection of Ladies Silk Hose, from 7s. 6d. a pair, or three pair for 1l. 1s. to superfine, with the most fashionable clocks, 8s. 6d. Gentlemen's ditto from 7s. 6d. to the very best, 10s. 6d.

N. B. To such of the Nobility, Clergy, and Gentry, who have not made trial of their distinguished and invaluable excellencies, it is proper to state, that they are far more warm, comfortable, soft, and pleasant, infinitely more durable, and though every way equal in richness, elegance, and quality, are not two thirds the price of those with silk feet.

IMPROVED ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

The Nobility and Gentry are most respectfully accommodated with the same by A. TAILEUR and J. DELAFONS, No. 18, Woburn-place, Russell-square, where every deficiency, even of the Gum, is supplied in the most secure, pleasant, and agreeable manner. To this renovation of the Mouth succeeds the comfort of mastication, while the voice resumes the charming powers of tone and varieties of modulation, and the harmony of the features are again restored to the grace which nature first gave them.

Mr. FALEUR, perfectly acquainted with the preparation of Mineral Compositions, from an experience of fourteen years, has succeeded in making his Teeth so incorruptible that he will engage to replace them, free of expence, if ever known to wear or change colour.

FOR THE GROWTH OF HAIR.

Ladies and Gentlemen who wish the Ornament of a FINE HEAD of HAIR, need only make a fair trial of the RUSSIA OIL, particularly as the use of Oils are found so necessary to moisten the Hair when dressing, for which purpose the Russia Oil has now become in use by the Royal Family, and Ladies of the first circle. It is a nourisher and improver to its growth, prevents its falling off, and is so great a preserver and strengthener to the Hair, as to prevent it becoming bald or turning grey, to the latest period; also restores the Hair on bald places. Several Gentlemen, who have been bald for years, have declared, after using the Russia Oil regularly for three months, became nearly covered with Hair. It will serve as a substitute for pomatum. It is recommended to Ladies who use dressing irons, as it prevents the ill effects occasioned by their heat. Price 7s. per bottle; or one, containing four small, at a Guinea.

To be had of the Proprietor, 333, Oxford-street; and, by appointment, of Smith, Perfumer to His Majesty, 110, New Bond-street; Hendrie, Perfumers to Her Majesty, Tichborne street; Bayley and Blew, Perfumers to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Duke and Duchess of York, Cockspur-street; Finch's, 5, Berkeley-square; Bacon, 150, and Allen, 76, Cockspur-street; Ward, 324, Middle-row, Holborn; Butler, 4, Cheapside; Shaw and Edwards, 66, St. Paul's Church-yard; Barclay and Son, Fleet Market; Dicey and Sutton, Bow Church-yard; Withers, 220, Strand, near Temple Bar; Perrin, 23, Southampton-street, Covent Garden; Rigge, 65, Cheapside; Holmes, Bolton, and Tutt, Royal Exchange, London; Bull, Dame-street, Dublin; Raeburn, North Bridge, Edinburgh; Shepherd, Bristol; Collins, Salisbury; Cruttwell, Bath; and most principal Medicine Venders and Perfumers in Town and Country.

N. B. The RUSSIA OIL will restore the loss of Hair on Horses, which often proves a great disfigurement to those valuable animals.—Orders from any part of the Country, sent by remitting the money in a letter, directed to Mr. Prince, 333, Oxford-street, London.

Caution.—From the celebrity which the RUSSIA OIL has acquired, a counterfeit sort has lately been attempted to be imposed on the public, which, in order the more readily to deceive, has the imitation of an Eagle in the shew bills and wrappers which inclose the bottles. The Proprietors wish to caution the Public against this imposition, by assuring them that none are genuine but what have a label across the wrappers, signed in Red Ink by the Proprietors, "MOCHALKUPSKY and PRINCE." The label ought to be particularly observed when purchased, as that cannot be imitated without subjecting the parties to forgery. It is also recommended to Country Venders to be guarded against this *Spurious Oil*, as it has been offered for sale to the principal Wholesale Venders in Town, who have rejected it, knowing it to be a palpable imposition.

UTILITY AND ELEGANCE COMBINED.

The celebrated Hogarth published a singular Work called, "The Analysis of Beauty"—It is an axiom, the truth of which cannot be controverted, That a fine head of hair is the most prominent trait of Beauty in either sex, to procure this the hair will require that nourishment which alone can tend to its increase. The proprietors of the MACASSAR OIL can proudly appeal to an enlightened and judicious public for the unrivalled Efficacy of this Oil. They wish not to deceive or delude by rhetorical declamation or bombast language, they only solicit the *test* of *experience*, and with confidence they can affirm that the more it is known, in a higher degree of estimation will it be held. Its utility is evinced by preserving the hair from falling off, or changing colour—its elegance by producing the most smooth and beautiful Gloss ever known: thus to the fairest and most amiable part of the creation it must prove an invaluable advantage—its virtues being so great an auxiliary to heighten their charms.

To expatiate more on the subject would be superfluous. Suffice it to say, that the Macassar Oil is perfectly innoxious, and it will retain its virtues *in any climate*; therefore it is earnestly recommended to Ladies or Gentlemen embarking for Buenos Ayres. A Caution is requisite to prevent mistakes:—The Macassar Oil for improving the growth of hair, and adding to its beauty, is sold at 3s. 6d. per Bottle, by the Proprietors, Rowland & Son, Hair Cutters, Kirby street, Hatton Garden, and by appointment, at Messrs. T. and R. Rowney's, 105, Hatton Garden; at Messrs. Bourgois and Amick's, Perfumers to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, 32, Haymarket; and at Mr. Overton's, Perfumer, 47, New Bond-street.

STAINS of Red Port Wine, Tea, Fruit, Mildew, and every Vegetable Matter, are entirely removed from Table Linen, Leather, Cottons, Muslins, Lace, and other articles of Dress, by HUDSON'S CHEMICAL BLEACHING LIQUID. It also removes Stains from Ladies' Buff Dresses, and restores all kinds of Linens to their original whiteness, when discoloured by bad washing, disuse, or long sea voyages, without ever injuring the texture of the Cloth.

Prepared and Sold by Hudson & Co. Her Majesty's Chemists, No. 27, Haymarket, London; Sold by Shaw and Edwards, and F. Newberry, St. Paul's Church-yard; Butler, No. 4, Cheapside; Berry, No. 17, Greek-street, Soho; Bacon & Co. No. 150, Oxford-street; Cope, Birmingham; Hazard, Bath; Baxter, Edinburgh; and other respectable Venders of Medicine throughout the United Kingdom, in Bottles, at 3s. each.

CORNS.

A. DURLACHER, Corn Operator and Dentist, No. 76, Long Acre, takes the liberty to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, and Public, that he continues, as usual, to eradicate Corns of every species in a few minutes, without the least pain. Also ease given immediately to Nails that are growing into the flesh, without the least pain.

Attendance, at home, from eight till ten, and from two till five, every day.

Ladies and Gentlemen attended at their own house by letters (post paid), or messengers, punctually attended to.—References can be given to the first Nobility in the kingdom.

All operations performed on the Teeth. Instantaneous relief given to the most violent Tooth Ache.

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